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NEW STATESMAN

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NEW STATESMAN

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10 Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ
Tel: 01-405 8471 Telex: 28449
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The wrong case for import controls

THERE IS NOT much left now for Margaret Thatcher's groupies to admire except the real or supposed constancy with which she pursues her supposed counter-inflationary ambitions. It is hardly sexist to remind them of John Donne's warning about a traditionally oversold attribute. He wished those who thought constancy the only important human attribute should have mistresses 'so contant that they would change nothing, not even their shifts; then might these men discern what a sluttish virtue were constancy.'

One must speak of Thatcher's 'supposed' counter-inflationary aims, because the striking point about the government's behaviour is that it makes inflation worse. Although the NS has published articles arguing that Thatcherism represents a carefully-designed scheme of class warfare, and although there is clearly some truth in this analysis, we think that her approach owes far more to stupidity than to rational class interest. This makes it more difficult to combat, not less: 'against stupidity, the gods themselves struggle in vain'.

What the Tories have done is to precipitate one of the sharpest crises that British industry has ever had to face. But it is important to note that they have only *precipitated* it. The chemistry of disaster has been brewing up for a long time: to go no further back, the collapse of Alfred Herbert owes a great deal to the company's policy in the Fifties and Sixties of concentrating on the easy, profitable markets outside the advanced capitalist economies and the distribution of these profits in dividends and then to the adoption by the Labour government of careless, ill-thought-out industrial gimmickry (see NS 13 June 1980).

It is heartless enough for Tory ministers to address the unemployed about things being 'rough and tough' over the next few months but even more heartless is their implication that somehow the New Jerusalem is to be conjured shortly forth, and jobs and prosperity will then be available for all. The truth is that there is no short-term solution to the problem of industrial unemploymnent in Britain and the hardest thing to have to admit to working-class families is that this has more to do with the intellectual, political and moral dereliction of the Labour movement than with the clownishness of the Tories.

It is just this search for short-term solutions which is pushing Labour politicians and trade unionists towards import controls as a cure for Britain's problems. It is a particular danger when trades union leaders join forces with employers to launch essentially chauvinisitic campaigns along these lines. The experience of import controls shows that by and large they do not provide the defensive wall behind which companies can re-equip and grow strong, providing more and lasting employment. Often the reverse — they give companies the breathing space to reduce their reliance on unattractive industries by diversification through takeovers or by expansion overseas.

The case for import controls as a strictly temporary part of bigger reflationary policy is much stronger but it cannot be stressed enough that *by themselves* they are unlikely to have the hoped-for results. The point of hope is that there is still available a programme of modest controllable reflation which would make Britain immediately a less unjust society and slow down its rate of descent into de-industrialisation. Such a programme could provide the opportunity to put right some long term problems too. The central problem is political, in the sense that for its success a reflationary programme probably relies on an incomes policy which is only likely to get off the ground if ordinary workers are convinced of the essential justice of the strategy. On many fronts, therefore, such a programme confronts the power of the City — which decides the conditions under which the government borrows money — and large sections of British industrial capital who jealously guard their right to do as they think fit. However, as Judith Cook's note below shows, the impulse to national suicide is not unanimous. If labour leaders want to forge alliances with the other side they would be far better employed forging them on this issue instead of around calls for import controls. And, insofar as such alliances are impossible to form they would be best employed organising working class support around policies which confront the internal obstacles to socialism and industrial regeneration rather than the supposed threat posed by workers in Korea and Brazil.

NOTES

Middle England's contaminated area

Judith Cook writes: While Mrs Thatcher reiterates that there will be no change of policy, and the captains of industry in London keep a stiff upper lip, increasingly frantic messages are being sent from the Midlands, where industrialists, manufacturers, the CBI, Midlands MPs of all persuasions and, of course, the unions, are watching the government destroying the country's industrial heartland before their eyes.

After the Lucas redundancies and the domino effect of the collapse of the car industry, this last week alone has produced a further crop. Under a heading 'Jobs Decimation Alert' the *Birmingham Post* reported 2,300 jobs lost from a Black Country manufacturer, BSR, bringing the total over recent weeks within that company to 3,500, along with a further unspecified number of jobs to go at Fodens. On Saturday came an announcement of another 2,500 sackings, this time from GKN Forgings and GEC. There are also strong rumours that announcements will be made soon of big redundancies in the power and telecommunications industries. And on Tuesday Alfred Herbert, which in 1970 was the largest machine tool manufacturer in Europe, could see nothing ahead but total closure. One of Coventry's oldest and most respected companies, it had already announced heavy redundancies and the closing of three factories a month ago.

The Midlands CBI has become increasingly outspoken about what is happening, and a surprising number of Tory MPs are now lining up with their opposition neighbours. Thirty West Midlands MPs put the case to Industry Minister Adam Butler last week, and the Tory backbenchers were highly critical. Patrick Cormack (Staffordshire S.W.). said 'the time has come when there has to be a relaxation of interest rates at least for industrialists'. He pleaded for immediate Government incentives, especially for small businesses. Hal Miller (Bromsgrove and Redditch) described the position more exactly: 'We are fighting with our hands tied behind our backs by our own deliberate act of policy.' He went on to

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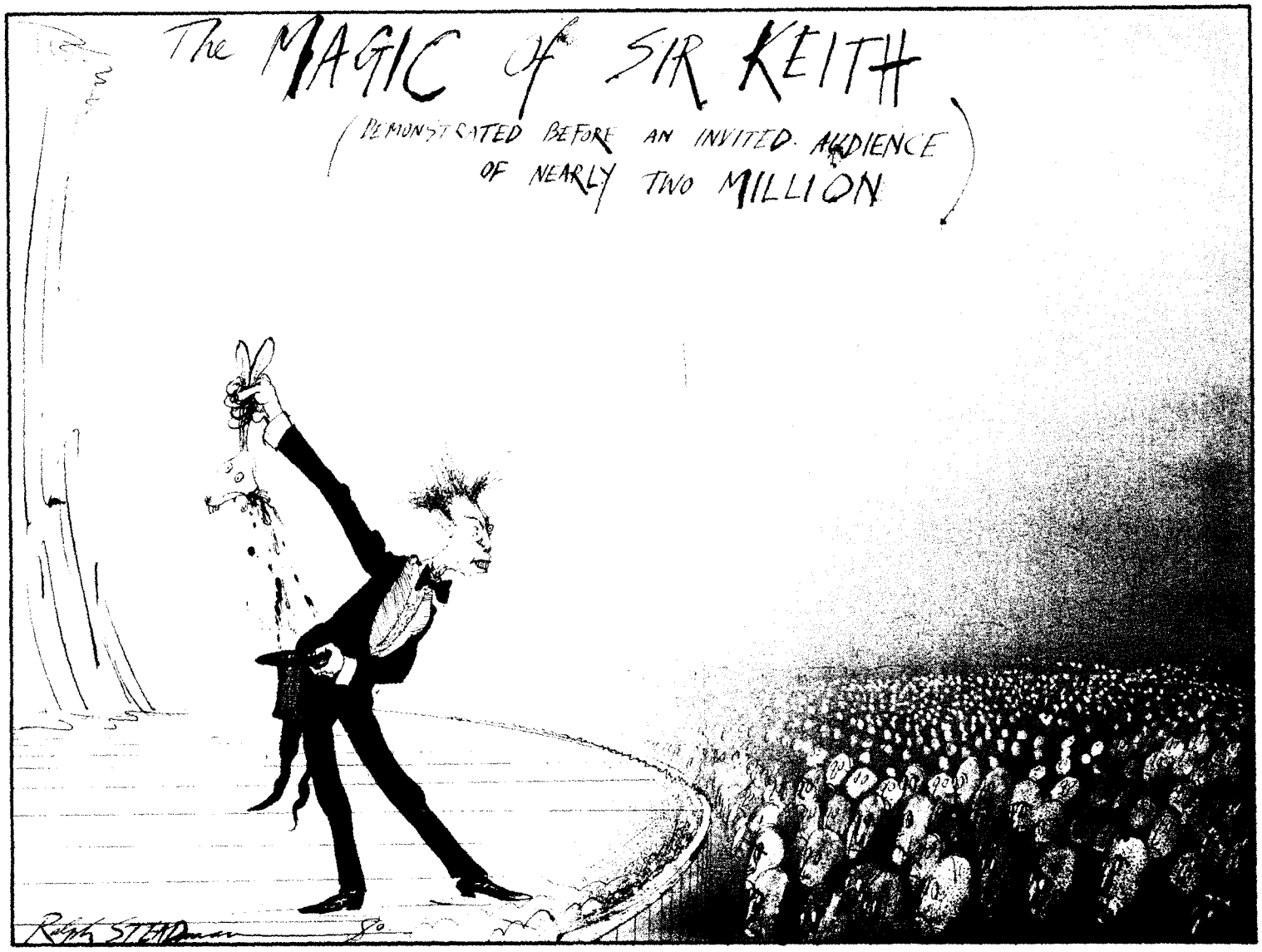

point out that Britain was still paying more for its energy than foreign competitors even though we had better supplies of oil, coal and gas. On the same theme Richard Shepherd (Aldridge Brownhills) blamed the Government for allowing energy prices to shoot up and put an unnecessary and additional burden on industry.

Adam Butler answered his Tory critics merely by saying it would be 'rough and tough' for the next few months with more bankruptcies and redundancies. Interest rates could not come down until the time was ripe.

As a final right hook for the Midlands the government has refused to subsidise Birmingham's National Exhibition Centre to the tune of £1.5 millions to enable it to host the biggest international exhibition ever staged in Britain. The International Textile Machinery Exhibition would bring, it is estimated, well over £150 million into the Midlands before even a single deal was done at the Exhibition itself.

As a sad little footnote, one of the firms going into receivership in the midlands this week, Admiral Sportswear of Leicester, is the firm which makes the strip for England's football team. The FA recently signed a five year contract with them worth more than £1 million to supply all England football teams with their full kit.

The third Angolan war

Christopher Hitchens writes from Luanda: The South African intervention in Angola is a much more comprehensive affair than at first appeared. The Angolan government has long been used to border incursions, sabotage and the hot pursuit of SWAPO guerrillas. With such a long border and such heavy concentrations of South African force in Namibia, such frictions have become a way of life. But the last few days have shown that Pretoria's ambitions extend a good deal further. South African troops, in several armoured columns backed up by helicopters and Mirage jets, have penetrated deep into the two southern provinces of Cunene and Cuando Cubango.

Some provincial towns have been cut off. SWAPO camps and positions have been blitzed, of course, but the invaders have also attacked Angolan forces and inflicted considerable damage on the local economy. Their command of the air and their excellent reconnaissance capability has meant that they can avoid direct engagements with Angolan forces, and can keep the element of surprise on their side.

I spoke on Tuesday morning with Lucio Lara, organising secretary of the ruling MPLA-Workers Party. He told me that the Angolan government feared a permanent South African presence on its territory, designed to cripple SWAPO and destabilise the Angolan government at one and the same time. Rather as the Israelis have done with Major Haddad in South Lebanon, the South Africans can do this by carving out a buffer zone and transplanting it with Jonas Savimbi's UNITA forces and a few mercenaries and specialists of their own.

The effect of this would be to greatly hamper and postpone the emergence of an independent Namibian state, while increasing the many plagues and difficulties which besiege the Angolan government. Ever since they were evicted from Angola by a combination of Cuban force and American faintheartedness, the South African high command has nursed a stab in the back complex and has dreamed of the day of revenge. Lucio Lara told me that in the present battles Angola had not yet asked the Cuban soldiers here to take a hand. But he said that if South African forces moved much further they would have to reconsider this decision. Meanwhile, the wreckage of drowned South African Mirage jets has been shown on Angolan television, which suggests an enhanced military capacity on the part of FAPLA, the Angolan Army.

The Angolan government is also deeply suspicious of the role played by the Western powers. It points out that in the Security Council vote which condemned the invasion, the Americans, the British and the French all abstained. It has also noticed increased mobility on the part of Jonas Savimbi, who visited the United States recently and is due to arrive in London next Monday for a trip arranged in part by Lord Chalfont. Given the recent foot dragging by the West over the Namibia independence negotiations, the Angolans fear that South Africa may not be acting alone in its destabilisation campaign.

South African material so far captured or discovered by FAPLA shows a very high level of sophistication, far beyond that required for Savimbi's usual guerrilla operations, which are strictly low intensity. An attempt has been made, for instance, to blow up the Cunene bridge, only recently rebuilt after being destroyed, along with 146 other bridges, during the last major South African incursion in 1976-77.

Luanda itself is calm, but a general mobilisation is under way throughout the country and the population is being warned that this may be a long war. Latest reports speak of Hercules transports ferrying South African troops into position even deeper inside the country. The third Angolan war may be just beginning.

Will Namibia's uranium secrets be revealed?

Martin Bailey writes: International hearings on the exploitation of Namibia's uranium wealth are to open next Monday in New York. After three years of internal wrangling the United Nations Council on Namibia has finally decided to focus special attention on the territory's most important source of wealth.

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All of Namibia's uranium production still comes from a single mine. The massive open-cast mine at Rossing, in the barren Namib desert, has just reached its full output of 5,000 tons a year of uranium oxide (yellowcake) after a series of technical problems and industrial disputes which have plagued the new project.

The opening of Rossing may be good news for Rio Tinto-Zinc — which last year earned £13 million from its stake in the mine. But the political complications are daunting. Namibia is still under illegal South African occupation, and meanwhile the UN Council for Namibia has outlawed all mineral exploitation until genuine independence has been attained.

The UN hearings next week will therefore put Rossing into the international spotlight in an attempt to end uranium exports from the disputed territory. There is still some doubt as to whether RTZ will agree to testify before the world community. Sir Mark Turner, RTZ's Chairman, initially declined an invitation on the grounds that he had 'other commitments'. But a company spokesman has claimed that there are 'no objections in principle' to appearing before the international hearings.

Whether or not RTZ actually turn up in New York, the most politically sensitive information which might emerge from the hearings is the identity of Rossing's customers and details of the secret routes used to transport the uranium yellowcake. Britain and France take a considerable share of Rossing's production (and this partly accounts for their political support for the status quo in the disputed territory). Both West Germany and Japan are also suspected customers, despite denials from the two governments. But the full details of Rossing's sales contracts have never been revealed.

Until last December the Namibian yellowcake was airlifted to France, where it was then hauled by road to the various European destinations. After a press expose of the air route, alternative arrangements were quickly brought into effect to ship in the uranium by sea. The first sea shipment of 60 tons of yellowcake arrived on a West German freighter, the *Urundi*, which docked at the Belgium port of Zeebrugge on 4 January. This consignment was then hauled by the British firm of Edmondsons to the BNFL uranium conversion plant at Springfields.

Britain now depends on Rossing for no less than 42 per cent of her civilian uranium requirements. Hardly surprisingly there is consequently growing disquiet in the UK nuclear industry about the country's dangerous dependence on uranium supplies from politically volatile Namibia.

The Bugle plays on

Rob Rohrer writes: The Director of Public Prosecutions is considering further charges against the *Tuebrook Bugle,* the small Liverpool community newspaper which last month became the first paper to be prosecuted under the 1949 Representation of the People Act. Liverpool's stipendary magistrate found the *Bugle* guilty of corrupt practices under the Act — namely, publishing an issue during last year's local and national elections which supported a local Labour candidate — and fined the paper a total of £35.

Defiantly, the *Bugle* timed another issue to coincide with this year's local elections. Last month, four days after the *Bugle* was found guilty, Merseyside police revisited the paper's printer, warning him of their interest in the May 1980 issue. Their report on this edition — which also published hard-hitting comment on the Jimmy Kelly inquest — went to the DPP last week.

Under the 1949 Act newspapers are specifically allowed to publish 'any material relating to the election' without running foul of election expense restrictions, and are, it appears, allowed to disparage candidates at will. This protection did not extend to the *Bugle* because the Newspapers Libel and Registration Act of 1881 defines a newspaper as a publication appearing more frequently than every 26 days. (Another Act puts it at 36 days.) During the *Bugle*'s court case, however, DPP counsel repeatedly referred to it as a newspaper (an understandable 'error' given the *Bugle*'s format and content). Since it was founded in 1972, the *Bugle* has appeared irregularly, becoming quarterly sometime before the police raid last year.

Carey McWilliams, the perpetual outsider

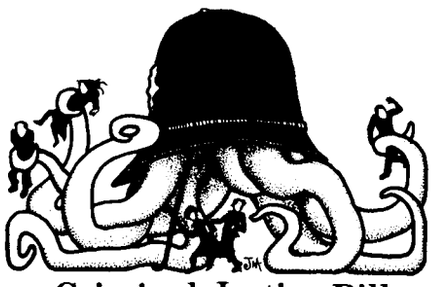
Godfrey Hodgson writes: Carey McWilliams, the former editor of the *Nation* in New York, who died this week at the age of 74, liked to call himself 'a Western Radical'. His successor in the editorial chair at the *Nation*, Victor Navasky, called him 'a perpetual outsider'. More than anything, perhaps, McWilliams was a man who took the fundamentals of the American political faith — the practice of democracy and the passion for liberty — more seriously and interpreted them more generously than the numerous detractors who constantly accused him of betraying that faith.

His greatest service was his stand for civil liberties during the era of McCarthyism. He had the courage to say that the idea that domestic communism represented any kind of threat to the constitutional order of the United States was a hoax. By stoutly rebutting such absurdities, he gave an example of courage that helped to turn the tide of battle.

The fight against McCarthyism was not his first, nor was it his last. Born in Colorado, the son of a rancher, in 1905, he moved to California after his father's ranch failed, and practised law in Los Angeles. In 1935 he became State Commissioner for Immigration and Housing. That experience during the Depression years led him to write *Factories in the Fields,* a denunciation of the migrant labour system exploited by the great California commercial farmers.

His sympathy for oppressed minorities knew no bounds. He was one of the first North Americans to take an interest in the economic plight and cultural dilemma of the Mexican immigrants then beginning to pour into the South West, an interest which led to his classic *North from Mexico.* In 1944 he drew national attention to the Nesei, the Japanese-Americans in California who were rounded up and interned on the outbreak of war (as German Jewish refugees in Britain had been interned in 1939).

As early as 1935 McWilliams contributed occasionally to the *Nation,* an august journal of opinion edited by E. L. Godkin in the 19th Century, which by the thirties had become New York's most intelligent radical journal of conscience. By 1950 under the blows of the McCarthyites, the *Nation* was struggling to survive. McWilliams agreed to come East to help raise money. When he got to New York, he edited a powerful special issue on McCarthyism with a title which could serve as a motto for all of his work: *How Free is Free?* He meant to be in New York for a month but he stayed for life. He became editor in 1955 and occupied the chair for 20 years with unfailing sympathy and unflagging courage.



Criminal Justice Bill

The Criminal Justice (Scotland) Bill ended its committee stage last week. In this, his last report on the Bill, NORMAN BUCHAN says that it has serious implications for United Kingdom law as a whole. Nevertheless he extracts one shred of comfort from the committee stage — or two, if you count it a comfort that there will be no birching for Scottish gooseberry-stealers.

THE BILL has now left committee. It completed its final stages last week on the same punitive theme with which it began. Football violence is to be dealt with by a mixture of search and punishment in an attempt to break, in the Under Secretary's words, 'the link between football and alcohol'. All football grounds in the major Leagues will be 'designated' and draconian measures will be applied to all those having drink in 'controlled containers' at these games. Equally, the carrying of alcohol in buses or special trains will be made an offence. Murrayfield (Scotland's Twickenham) has been thrown in as a kind of makeweight.

The government's concern might have been bet ter accepted had they not in the same week reneged on their commitment to give money to try to bring Hampden Park back into being a civilised stadium. Or, for that matter, had they banned the sponsorship of sporting events by the drink trade.

They have also brought in a new crime, that of vandalism. They offered little proof that this would be anything other than a cosmetic to please their law and order lobby.

We ended in a gallimaufry (*Scottish National Dictionary:* 'A hotch-potch') of New Clauses. Predictably, one Tory (Bill Walker) attempted to bring back birching. In the absence of Teddy Taylor, believed to be alive and living in Scotland, he got no supporters. But it did allow us to look at the myth of the Isle of Man and its success rate in this field. Over 89 per cent of the cases of birching there between 1952 and 1971 were for petty thieving. They make interesting reading: Stealing one bottle of milk, boy aged 14, 3 strokes of the birch; a bottle of mineral water and a bag of crisps, boy aged 10, 2 strokes; stealing gooseberries from a garden ('scrumping'), boy aged 12, 3 strokes.

We tried to alter the majority verdict in Scotland from a simple majority to a two-thirds minimum. We lost. We tried to ban the wearing of gowns and wigs as a medieval anachronism. We lost. There were attempts to deal with the very real problem of glue sniffing among teenagers. Predictably we split between those who took a punitive view and those who attempted to put the onus on the supplier and the manufacturer. We may return to this problem on Report, because, for once on this committee, a consensus did seem to be emerging.

We go to Report in a fortnight's time with the Bill virtually unchanged. True, a number of amendments in detail were accepted. But the main punitive thrust of the Bill remains. Above all, the new powers of search and detention, the compulsory giving of names of suspects and witnesses and the new inquisitorial elements are still there. It adds up to a big increase in police powers. It damages the right to silence and the presumption of innocence. Above all, it substitutes a punitive and repressive answer to the problems of young people in our cities in place of social action.

Most of us believe that instead of strengthening an acceptance of law and order, it will discredit it. Instead of improving relationships between police and the community, it will worsen them. Social workers and others in Scotland are already aware of this. We still have to see if the unusual publicity given to a Scotland Bill will alert lawyers and others south of the border to recognise the dangers involved for the rest of United Kingdom law with the introduction of the Judicial Examination procedures in Clause 6. They will have their opportunity on Report stage in the Chamber in a fortnight's time to add their voice to our disquiet.

There is only one comfort to emerge in the long slog. The extended powers of search have become greatly weakened as a result of the Minister's definition that this could only apply where suspicion had crystallised on the individual. Something akin to random search had been anticipated and promised. While a Minister's words do not make law, Mr Rifkind has cast such doubt on these provisions that the Police may be hesitant to use them. Certainly we must all be alert to ensure his words are known to the police and public alike.

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TURKEY
Tessa Brown

Should the West bankroll a state at war with its people?

Turning a blind eye to torture

WESTERN GOVERNMENTS are to meet in Paris next week to decide how many billions of dollars of debt relief to give Turkey. It will be surprising if they pause to consider how bloodstained is the regime they are bankrolling. But torture is now so integral a part of government in Turkey that the real surprise — as EEC officials privately admit — is the lack of outside concern about the brutalities in the eastern bastion of Western democracy.

Last month Amnesty International reported that most people arrested in Turkey are being subjected to electric shocks, violent assault or that speciality of the Turks (and of the Greek Colonels), *Falanga* — prolonged beating of the soles of the feet.

In itself the accusation was serious, but what emerges from the thick file built up by opponents of torture is a grim picture of a state at war with its people, of the wholesale involvement of the security services at all levels and in most provinces, and of blank indifference by the government of Mr Suleyman Demirel.

For three days in April the newspaper *Demokrat* ran a front page picture of a machine with a question: 'What is this, Mr Demirel?' It received no reply. On the fourth it answered its question, telling its readers that the machine was the one used for the elctro-torture which has scarred the minds and burnt the genital organs and fingers of so many Turks.

The official answer to the accusations is that Turkey is a state of law and all accusations are taken seriously and investigated. The unofficial answer is that the govenment has given the military a free hand in the 20 of Turkey's 67 provinces where martial law is in force. Investigations have indeed been ordered. But the attitude liable to be found among the judges was summed up by one who dismissed a complaint by a dentist, saying 'You're not from the torturable classes'.

The Istanbul Bar Association and Amnesty International have received over 50 statements such as the one printed overleaf. They vary in the part of the country described, though Ankara and Istanbul are the main sites. They vary in tone, from articulate students complaining at being treated like escaped circus lions to semi-literate workers proclaiming that with each 'shock of electricity and each blow of *falanga* the time of the torturers is drawing closer to its ends'. They also vary in outturn, with some detainees released and others charged. But what is common is the precipitate brutality which greets each person from the moment he or she enters the hands of the security authorities.

Also in common is the random and blanket nature of the way torture is applied. One 17-year-old girl interviewed by Amnesty International had been among about 15 students taken by soldiers to Ankara Police Headquarters on 29 April this year after a gun was found in their high-school grounds. She was tied to a wooden cross suspended on the wall, and electric shocks were administered to her fingers, sexual organs, lips and feet. On 17 May a military court dismissed the charges against her.

One young man arrested on a provincial bus had the misfortune to have on him the money his father had given him to set up a shop. He was tortured for four days. A student at Istanbul University, Dilek Yuradgel, was also arrested on a bus. She had pamphlets and a banned left-wing newspaper. She was tortured in the changing room of the main Istanbul football stadium — a point the next British team to play in Turkey might bear in mind. After electroshock there and at the Gayrettepe police headquarters she too was released on the orders of a military judge.

What can happen when torture is taken over by free enterprise. At the beginning of May, Mehmet Ali Yolagelmez a 23-year old teacher, disappeared from the small village where he had been teaching near Cankiri, to the north of Ankara. One week later he was found, his body intact, but with his head in the state shown. While he was still alive his tongue and ears had been cut off and his eyes had been gouged out. He had then had acid poured over his head to ensure him a slow agonising death. Yolagelmez's crime had been to be a left-wing teacher in an area into which the Grey Wolves of Colonel Alparslan Turkes's neo-fascist Nationalist Action Party had moved in force. Yolagelmez's family and colleagues say that he had long been threatened. They complain that neither after he was kidnapped nor after his mutilated corpse was found did the authorities show the slightest concern.

SO FAR THIS YEAR at least four people have died apparently as a result of torture, Oruc Korkmaz, a worker, was arrested in the Eastern province of Kars with a gun on 9 January and was later found bruised from torture and dead in prison. In April two trades union activists, Yasar Gundogdu and Recep Estik (also carrying a gun), died after being arrested; the first of them died from brain haemorrages, the second 'hanged himself' in prison. Then in May, in Istanbul, Osman Mehmet Onsoy died after falling into a coma in the Gayrettepe police headquarters.

The electroshock and brutality are usually accompanied by insults and threats to rape women prisoners or the wives of male prisoners. Some detainees have been raped with police truncheons or the like. One girl, Gulseren Kayin, who defied a ban on meetings to celebrate May day this year was so badly beaten in the police station of the 27 May District that she had to have a 105-minute operation to clean a wound measuring 6 cm by 3 cm by 4 cm on the left lip of her vagina as well as other wounds covering three quarters of her genital organs.

Equally striking is the case of another young girl, Gulden Gulkan, whose condition so worried the other women prisoners in Sagmalcilar prison in Istanbul that 106 of them signed the following statement:

> Gulden Gulkan, who arrived in our ward on 21 January 1980, had for 2½ months been moved between and tortured in Van, Tatvan, Bitlis, Diyarbakir and Mamak prison in Ankara.
>
> In Van the soles of her feet were slashed with razor blades and then she was made to keep them in salt water for one and a half days. Afterwards from night to morning she was made to stand on salt with her hands over her head. On several parts of her body cigarettes were stubbed out. Then her genital organs were slashed with razor blades and she was raped.
>
> In other provinces she was subjected to *falanga* and other such tortures. In Diyarbakir she was taken from the prison on the pretext of being taken to the prosecutor but instead she was put in a (prison) ward with mentally-ill soldiers. After being kept there she was then subjected to further *falanga* to make her sign the statement they wanted. This was repeated several times. She was threatened with guns and told she would be killed and she signed.
>
> We, the detainees in this ward, have seen the marks of torture on our friend. As a result of the torture and cruelty she has periodic nervous breakdowns and believes she is again being tortured.

TWENTY YEARS have now passed since Turkey's military commanders threw out the repressive regime of Adnan Menderes and acted as midwives to a new constitution. It was liberal in spirit but did not prevent the continued banning of the country's communist party. Within a few years the heirs to the conservative mantle of Menderes were back in power. In the streets this led to growing despair of the reformist road to change and emergence of the counterpart of the urban guerrillas who flourished in West Germany. In

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the barracks too unrest grew. By March 1971 the military commanders had to act again, to demand tougher measures against the left and to head off a radical coup from their juniors.

Torture was soon to become institutionalised but no one was ever punished. Official investigations managed to find nothing to bear out Amnesty International's analysis that the extensive evidence provided 'a convincingly consistent picture'. Bulent Ecevit, who was to become Prime Minister in 1974, also did nothing to look into the accusations against the 'Counterguerrilla' torture office — just as when he was in power from 1978 to last November he did not even succeed in pressing investigations into two attacks on his own life.

Turkey's sectarian and racial conflicts have become an extension of the battle between the left, with its 50 parties, and the united neo-fascist right. The left's groups encompass the full spectrum known to non-Turkish man, and add a few more for good measure. The recent headlines have been caught by small organisations such as the Marxist Leninist Propaganda Unit, a group resembling the Red Army Fraction and claiming the murders of some US military advisers. But the main groups are the pro-Peking ones such as TIKP (the Turkish Workers and Peasants Party), the 'non-aligned' *Devgenc* (Revolutionary Youth) and the larger pro-Moscow Communist Party of Turkey, Progressive Youth Organisation and Progressive Women's Organisations. Also of particular importance are the professional organisations, in particular that of the teachers, TOBDER.

On the other side of the fence are the Grey Wolves and the 'Idealists', the shock troops and commandos supporting the Nationalist Action Party of Col Alparslan Turkes. In part they owe their start in life to Demirel himself, particularly to his bringing the NAP into the two Nationalist Front coalitions of 1975-7 and his policy of appointing NAP men to state posts. Demirel's policy has long been to encourage right-wing hoodlums to combat the left. In Greece, as the film 'Z' showed, this policy got out of control, hastening Constantine Karamanlis's downfall in 1963. In Turkey now the tail is wagging the dog.

Whole areas of central Turkey are now dominated by the NAP and Grey Wolves. It is the militant right who are accused of responsibility for the bestialities shown in the photograph; for torturing to death the editors of two left-wing papers *Politika* and *Savas Yoln* (Road of Struggle); for the murder of professors and prosecutors; and for the murder of the liberal editor of the respected daily *Milliyet*, Abdi Ipekci.

The right has some support in the top ranks of the army, and may have more if Demirel can ensure his men win out in the promotions due next month. It also has a strong backing in the police. But the NAP has suffered from torture too. One year ago the NAP published its own Torture Dossier, a 400 page book listing wholesale atrocities against its followers during the time Ecevit was in power. '1978 was torture year,' Turkes says in an emotive foreword. What is striking is how, change a date and a political phrase or two, every statement is almost identical to those made this year.

On the authorities' side one could argue that desperate situations need desperate remedies. One could also say that so inefficient and inadequate are the security authorities and so short are they of the back-up they need that the only evidence they can ever obtain is that obtained from forced confessions.

IT IS a dangerous policy. As Mary Holland's film on the Northern Ireland housing estate of Creggan showed, state over-reaction breeds state enemies. And in Turkey's case, it is not only the extent of the reaction — one of Mr Ecevit's deputies has just claimed that one person in five in his province of Kars has been tortured — but the direction of it. When the opposition held its press conference at the end of April to protest at torture, one of its witnesses described how he was asked if he was an Alevi before he was *falangaed* with iron bars.

Some Europeans, with perhaps a discreet shove from the Greek lobby, may argue that such behaviour is not surprising from the Turks. However, the problem is not racial but institutional. The police may be the main organs for the torture, but the army has long built violence into Turkish society through the way it trains its conscripts. 'Every enlisted man, and with compulsory national service that means every Turk except the officer cadets, is beaten regularly in the four months of his basic training,' one Turk explains.

This problem, the social tensions and the sheer helplessness of the police form part of the background. But equally important is that though Turkey says it will apply this year to join the EEC, it is increasingly following the Latin American pattern. Its armed forces, through their powerful pension fund, OYAK, have bought a stake in the economy. And now the country is trying to follow the sort of Friedmanite policies which in Argentina and Chile can only be imposed with bayonets.

Internally this makes it hardly surprising that so many of this year's victims should be members of radical trade unions. Externally this creates a dilemma for the West which only members of the West German parliament have — unsuccessfully — so far raised. Having imposed IMF politics on Turkey, does one finance a repressive regime to carry them through? Or does one maintain the standards abroad which one upholds at home?

This autumn Amnesty International is to launch its own campaign on Turkey. By then new dollops of aid may have flowed in. But the Turks have to face the fact that, unlike in 1971, there are no other dictatorships in Southern Europe to distract attention from their practices. Two years ago Turkish diplomats failed to get *Midnight Express* banned abroad. It is unlikely that they will succeed in having banned at home a situation which makes the film seem like a day in a *haman* — particularly when the government's present candidate for president is Faik Turun, the general who commanded Istanbul the last time that torture in Turkey was acute enough to cause trouble abroad.

Complaint of Emin Ayikol to the Istanbul Bar Association

'On 5 April 1980 I was taken from the Kadikoy cake shop without any reason, and a search was conducted in my house with all my books being seized. The same day I was taken into detention and transferred to the First Branch of the police. From 6 April I was continuously tortured, physically and mentally, for 13 days.

'On 6 April they took me, my eyes bound, upstairs from my cell number 15. they passed electricity through my thumbs, index fingers and penis. Then they laid me down for *falaka* (bastinadoing of the feet). After that they made me jump up and down on pins or something similarly pointed. They repeated the *falaka* and the jumping 3-4 times, then they passed electricity through my penis and teeth. Afterwards they laid me down and poured cold water all over me.

***'During all this I was totally naked.' Then* they lifted me up and started beating the joints of my body with sticks. Then they started banging my head and body against the wall. My eyes tied, they made me run to the bathroom so that I banged my head on the walls and doors.**

'Seven hours later I was taken back to my cell and the next morning I was again taken upstairs with my eyes tied. Electricity, *falaka,* bath and banging me against the walls — it all was repeated. Besides this I was subjected to psychological tortures. I was threatened with being raped and with having a truncheon thrust up my rectum. I cannot count the curses and insults.

'Four or five hours later they tied me to the radiator with handcuffs. I was left standing there until lunchtime on 8 April. Then I was returned to my cell. The next morning they took me upstairs again. The electricity, *falaka,* and cold water baths were repeated. They handcuffed me to the radiator and left me on *my feet without sleep, water or food for six* days. Each night, after giving me a cold bath, they would stand me between an open window and the door for an hour.

'I was returned to my cell on 14 April. Six to seven hours later I was taken back. They gave me electric shocks and *falaka* simultaneously. I was banged against the walls. I was punched around. The psychological insults and pressure continued. I was forced to sing the march "The top of the mountain is in cloud". I was returned to the cell and six hours later again taken upstairs. The same tortures were continued, but this time much more violently than before. The night of 16 April I was returned to my cell and later on taken back upstairs and they started taking my statement. The torture continued while they were doing this. They stopped taking my statement in the middle and sent me back to my cell. I completed my statement on 17 April and signed six or seven papers with my eyes bound.

'I shared cell number 15 with Cengiz Demirezen, Ahmet Ali Tay Dogan Gonulal and *Zebeyir. They witnessed all these tortures and* they themselves went through the same tortures.

'During the six days I was tied upstairs on my feet I heard the noise of other people being tortured. They gave electricity to an elderly couple and subjected them to *falaka.* I overheard policemen telling each other that a young girl had been raped.

'Those who bound my eyes and took me upstairs were among the torturers. One of them was thin and tall and had a beard. He used the nicknames of people from my village, Bogazliyanli. He was either a native of the village or had served there. He said he was the nephew of the mayor of Oayiralan district of Yozgat.

'The other was 1.8 m tall, had thick hair combed to one side, and spoke with a Diyarbakir accent. The third one knew, to the smallest detail, all the happenings in the Ataturk Educational Institute where I am studying. This indicates that he worked there in the 1979 *school year.*

'My regards to the Istanbul Bar Association for its efforts. I do not believe that the struggle for democracy can be stopped.'

Emin Ayikol
Alemdag Prison

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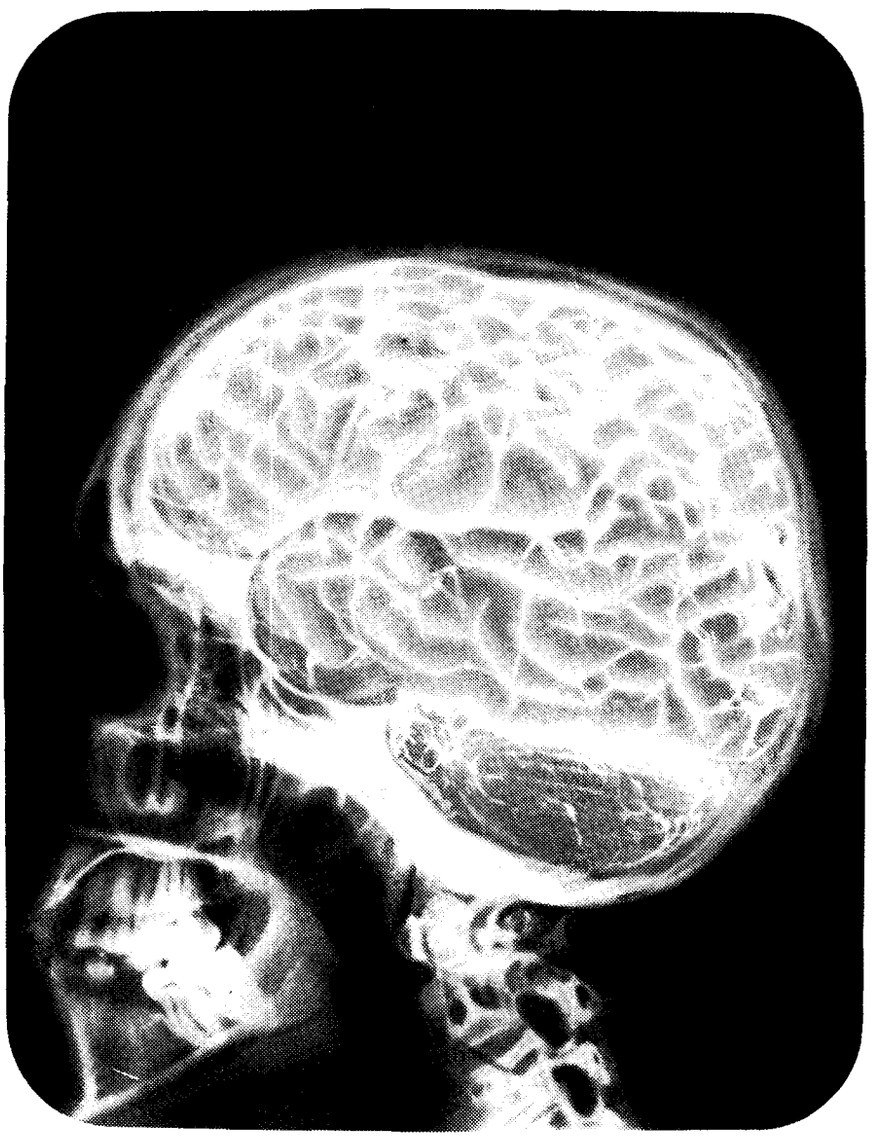

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Scenes from the Anti-Nazi War

BASIL DAVIDSON — pictured on the right, with fur hat and sub-machine gun — is best-known today as a historian of Africa, and particularly of its liberation movements. But during the Second World War, he was one of the most successful undercover agents in Britain's Special Operations Executive — working for long periods with the anti-Nazi insurgents of Yugoslavia and Italy. He has now written a remarkable memoir of that period: his own title for it is Scenes from the Anti-Nazi War*. **He began it, he says, after a young left-winger at a political meeting accused him, entirely correctly, of having been 'a colonel in the British Army'. At one level the book is, though coolly stated, a tale of parachute-drops, ambushes and close-run escapes. At another, it is a participant's analysis of the 'great equivocation' in Allied, and especially British, policy towards the liberation movements of occupied Europe. In the extract beginning below, Davidson gives a fresh account of the complex manoeuvres inside Special Operations Executive which ensured, eventually, that Churchill would throw Britain's support behind Tito and the left-wing resistance movement in Yugoslavia — and not behind the royalist Chetniks, who showed little practical appetite for the requirements of the anti-Nazi coalition. The story, he believes, has relevance today, when movements of national liberation are still trying to fight their way through to positions of 'positive neutralism', independent of super-power dominance. (The testimony gathers force when it comes from someone who has been on the ground in Angola, Mozambique and other hotly-contested territories.) The actors in the tale make a complex pattern: partisan commanders like those below (photographed in 1943 among the forests south of the Danube); British soldiers as disparate as the Tory aristocrat Fitzroy Maclean and the Marxist theoretician James Klugmann (opposite); Churchill himself, Tito, and the mixed bunch of business-men and civil-servants who tried to run SOE. (Nor should one forget the Vojvodina peasant woman defining her war aims: 'The first thing is that the men shan't any longer have the right to beat us'.) The message, apparently, is that liberation only succeeds if it grasps boldly at the few moments when history opens a way for it. The story opens in wartime Cairo, when the ex-journalist Davidson found himself one of a group of SOE officers disputing about the strategy and tactics of making contact with the resistance groups which were springing up on the other side of the Mediterranean, inside Hitler's 'Fortress Europe'.**

*Special Operations Europe: Scenes from the Anti-Nazi War. **Published today by Victor Gollancz Ltd, price £8.50.**

ARMED RESISTANCE in Greece and Jugoslavia was clearly growing in size and strike power month by month. Nothing simpler, then: do all you can to back it up, and select, if you must, the most combative. Not so: for this resistance, we now learned, was divided within itself. There were right-wing forces or those who claimed to be such; and there were left-wing forces who certainly existed. Could you get them to work together? Not easily, it seemed; even not at all. Could you select the most combative? But this meant selecting the left-wing forces. Would high policy approve of that? Over, said high policy, its dead body. Problem.

In Greece and Jugoslavia, and to varying degree in all other occupied countries, large and serious resistance came and could only come under left-wing leadership and inspiration. Whole ruling classes had collapsed in defeat or moved into compromise with the nazis. With notable exceptions, the beaten generals and all their kind followed their governments and kings into exile, went into retirement, or took service with the nazi occupiers. Some believed they could conciliate the conquerors; others despaired of any rescue; not a few shared the beliefs and aims of the nazis. Preaching the unification of a nazified Europe, Hitler was able to win fighting volunteers from every occupied country.

Here and there patriotic officers tried to stand against this collapse, and called for resistance in the name of king and conservatism. Yet the people to whom they called proved reluctant or quite unwilling to follow them. Plenty of ordinary folk were ready to risk their lives, but only, as it soon transpired, if they were not risking them for king and conservatism. In these countries of bitter pre-war dictatorships, it further transpired, the self-sacrifice and vision required to begin an effective resistance, and then rally others to the same cause, were found only among radicals and revolutionaries. Exceptions there were; but such was the general rule. And again, in practice, this leadership was found above all among the men and women of harried and clandestine communist parties whose rem-

nants were still uncowed by persecution.

These communists were generally men and women of an unusual courage and moral purpose. But they had problems of their own. For years they had operated, and been obliged to operate, as severely closed societies for whom all wisdom came, at every point of stiff decision, from the Comintern in Moscow: from the leaders, that is, of the Third International. We shall scarcely know what this meant to them until the archives of the Comintern become open for inspection.

But there is little doubt that what it meant to them by the early 1940s, if not before, was obedience to the personal decisions, or the personal changes of decisions, of Stalin himself.

Barricaded behind their obedience, and seeing in this obedience the acid test of their own value as well as the value of their internationalism, the communists followed Moscow through thick and thin. If Moscow said they must unsay today what they had affirmed the day before, they gritted their teeth and unsaid it. Even if Moscow took the lives of their comrades, they looked the other way. Nothing stopped them, or most of them: neither dreadful persecution nor fearful doubt. The faint-hearted were left by the wayside. The recalcitrant were cast into outer darkness. Orthodoxy had become all.

Through hell or high water, the Soviet Union remained the workers' homeland whose defence must come first. And this view of things, arising in the years of foreign invasion and boycott of the infant Soviet State of the early 1920s, was systematically enforced by Stalin in the 1930s, or at any rate after 1935. It came to a point where those who argued against Moscow were not only denounced as enemies; they were also killed. As the terror worsened, many were killed whether they argued or not.

THIS HAPPENED to the exiled Polish communist leadership in Russia. It all but happened to the exiled Jugoslav leadership as well. While the royal Jugoslav dictatorship was persecuting communists inside Jugoslavia — and in 1935 alone nearly one-third of the existing communist membership, some 950 persons, were arrested by the police of the dictatorship — the Stalinist State was doing much the same, and sometimes worse, elsewhere. By the end of 1938 the executioners of the Soviet State are credibly said to have killed about sixty of the Jugoslav party's staunchest members in exile.

And even that, it seems, was not the end. There were also those who had fought for the Spanish republic. About 1,700 Jugoslav volunteers joined the International Brigades against Franco fascism and its backers, and of these about 700 died in action or of wounds. Many were communists; of these, among the survivors, some 300 eventually worked their way back to Jugoslavia after the nazi invasion of 1941. The most daring and determined of them became Tito's military commanders. But others worked their way back to Moscow, and of these too, it appears, an unknown number were duly killed by the NKVD.

Tito himself escaped Stalin's 'purge' and was allowed back to Jugoslavia in March

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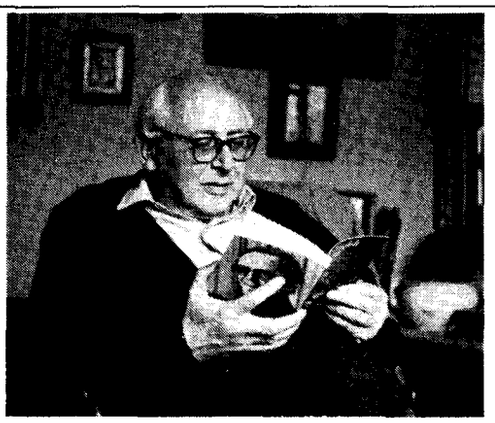

Basil Davidson (left), photographed during December 1943 in his guise as the Yugoslav partisan 'Nikola'. James Klugmann (above) never doubted, when he was a wartime SOE officer, that the only effective anti-Nazi guerrillas would be predominantly left-wing. What he could not accept — either then, or later when he became a leading theoretician in the British Communist Party — was that movements of national liberation might reject Soviet tutelage with equal determination. Fitzroy Maclean (right), a Tory who quit the Foreign Office in protest against Munich, played a crucial role in establishing Britain's link with Tito: in consequence, he was falsely accused of sexual eccentricity, cowardice and alcoholism.

Keystone Press

1939. There, as the party's secretary-general, he set about reorganising his scattered party and preparing for whatever might lie ahead. It could be nothing good. But it was worse than anyone expected. In April 1941 there came the débâcle of the invasion, and, almost at once, the onset of a widespread massacre of Serbs and others by fascist Croats of Pavelić's newly founded 'independent Croat State'.

In flight from enemy terror, multitudes of peasants or townsmen fled into the hills and forests; and there they found Tito's communists ready to organise and lead them. These communists were poorly armed and short of military experience until the 'Spaniards' — the volunteers who'd fought in Spain — escaped from German camps and filtered home; but their real weakness lay elsewhere.

Called to lead a nation, they were still locked inside their conspiratorial inheritance. If they had a clear and firm idea of how to lead and how to follow, this was characteristic of the communists of the 'Stalin period'. It was, in short, authoritarian. Secret committees 'at the top' took decisions; down the line these decisions had to be fulfilled without question.

What became clear, in these dramas of 1941 and after, was that these communists of occupied Europe had to face a choice: either they developed an entirely new approach to their methods and objectives, or else they would be erased from the scene. And it is easy to see why.

WHEN INVASION and resistance let politics loose among these peoples, those who took to arms were very soon found to be concerned with two aims. They wanted to fight the nazis and their puppets, but they also wanted more than that. Liberation had a dual meaning; liberation from the present enemy, but, no less, liberation from the past enemy — here in southern Europe, invariably, from crudely militaristic tyrannies installed in the 1920s and enduring through the 1930s.

Deeply felt if often vaguely expressed, this was the real price that people placed upon their acceptance of the ferocious perils of armed resistance. It was above all out of this longing for a way of life that should be altogether different and better that there came the strong idealism and moral force, and sometimes the utopian hopes, that marked all the great movements of resistance. Men and women of no heroic pretensions accepted death or suffering not only as lying in the line of duty, for there could be no particular merit in doing that. Beyond duty, they accepted death or suffering as the price of a moral victory for whatever men and women think best in themselves.

This ran through all levels of thought and aspiration, and from the sublime to the extremely humble. 'What do you want from this war?' I asked a peasant woman who sheltered partisans in the enemy-infested plains of the Vojvodina, and among others sheltered me; and she replied without hesitation: 'The first thing is that men shan't any longer have the right to beat us.' The peoples who gathered in armed resistance were certainly fighting for their very lives. Yet in every sense that was meaningful to their lives, they were just as surely fighting for a real change.

Only the communists possessed the ideas, organisation, and disciplined self-sacrifice that could meet the need. But, just as surely, the communists could not answer the call as authoritarian conspirators. They had to earn and win their leadership in the broad light of argument and example. They had to discuss, debate, ceaselessly strive with doubt or disbelief. In a tough and everyday sense, they had to democratise.

In Jugoslavia and Italy, as events would show, they were able to meet this challenge with success. In Jugoslavia it was very much the merit of Tito's genius as a political and military strategist. The evidence suggests that he saw from the first that a movement of national liberation had to be and to mean just what it said: or else go under. It had to fight for the freedoms that people wanted, and it had to fight for the independence that could alone guarantee those freedoms; and Jugoslavia's eventual break with Stalinism, long delayed as it was by many circumstances, came only as the logic of these needs.

BUT BRITAIN was still the military leader of the team so far as Europe west of Russia was concerned, and Britain had alliances with kings and governments in exile. Britain was committed to restoring them to throne and power.

The British government was predominantly conservative, as were Britain's generals and senior civil servants, not to mention businessmen such as the Lord Selborne who now became the political chief of SOE. They wanted resistance inside the Fortress, but they could not possibly want it to be left-wing. They wanted friends who would fight for a restoration of kings and governments in exile; but the friends they found were seldom any they could count on to do that. The military need clashed repeatedly with the political intention.

Nobody was more fluent in pointing out the nature of this 'classical dilemma' than James Klugmann, who had been attached to SOE's Cairo staff, despite his eloquent adherence to Communism, because politically-literate officers were a desperately rare commodity.

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He had no decision-making powers, but plenty of opportunity to predict that sooner or later Britain's 'high policy' would have to submit to the iron laws of history. But the breakthrough, says Davidson, was procured by a highly conservative, and highly ambitious professional soldier: Brigadier C. M. 'Bolo' Keble, who was determined that SOE would achieve military results of some concrete description. He obtained for Davidson access to highly-secret material coming from British intercepts of coded German radio-messages: these showed in detail just how much trouble the Nazi security-services were having with partisan groups inside Yugoslavia. Davidson, Keble ordered, was to codify this information, and place it upon a situation-map. He was to employ in this work Captain — now Sir William — Deakin. And he was to get on with it at once. Later, as Davidson's story shows, the military executive Keble was led astray by his ambitions (and later the non-executive theoretician was led even further astray by his devotion to historical laws). But the first and vital step was accomplished nonetheless.

Early signs of non-alignment at a partisan meeting in eastern Bosnia: summer 1943, before the arrival of the first British liaison staff. The ordering of the slogan is noteworthy, for it says, *Long live our allies: England, America and the Soviet Union.*

I CALLED IN CAPTAIN Deakin, and this, although we knew it only in the outcome, was to be another stroke of fortune. Lately arrived from SOE service in North America, and now G3 or intelligence officer in my Jugoslav section, Deakin was unusually qualified. A former don at Oxford, he was accustomed to sifting information from quantities of paper. An historian in his own right, he saw the wider as well as the narrower perspective. He had great capacities of documentary judgment. He was wonderfully the man for this particular job. Not only that, he now revealed himself as belonging, like Churchill himself, among those conservatives who thought an alliance with the devil far preferable to allowing the nazis the least advantage. He had even worked for Churchill when the latter, abandoned in the political wilderness before the war began, was writing a history of his ancestor, the great Duke of Marlborough. He was in fact, I learned, a friend of the prime minister's.

Captain Deakin at once got down to the detail, and soon we had our confidential map. I kept it on my office wall, neatly marked with information taken from the intercepts, behind a mask of paper sheets. This and the running survey confirmed in detail, from confidential German sources, what we had long guessed in outline. The partisans were active in most regions of Jugoslavia. They were strong, effective, and aggressive. They were a formidable fighting force in constant use. Keble came in every day or so to study the map and the survey, and now one could see him at his proper stature. He was in full cry with the quarry in sight. He was a man who scented victory. But how was the evidence to be used? We blessed those distant British code-breakers, wherever they might be, and hoped they would receive every medal the army could bestow. Yet high policy, duly informed, showed no sign of budging an inch. The messages only confirmed, after all, what high policy had known for many months, even if the details had been missing. Never mind: 'Mihajlovic must be our choice.' Loyalty to the exiled king and government in London could allow no less, not to speak of the perils of letting politics loose among unreliable Jugoslavs.

THEN FORTUNE dealt us another ace. Soon after New Year, with our map and running survey acquiring much substance, news came through that Mr Churchill would visit Cairo. And Mr Churchill's probable views on what to do in Jugoslavia were open to a fairly easy guess. In June 1941 he had moved at once to support Stalin and the Soviet Union when Hitler's invasion of the East began. He had made a great speech in the House of Commons, saying this was Britain's duty. Even before that, back in 1940 with France collapsing, he had called upon the French to form and launch a 'gigantic guerrilla' such as would snap at the heels of the invading nazi juggernaut, rob its crews of sleep, spoil its parade of triumph, slip sand into its axle boxes, mine the roads before it and behind, bite at its flanks, kill off its outposts, and, with time, help even to breach the walls of the barricaded Fortress. Now, in Jugoslavia, he had this gigantic guerrilla. He would not let it go unaided. If, that is, he could be told that it existed.

If he could be told; the problem was exactly there.

Who would be able to spill the beans? Keble might be a brigadier; but brigadiers and even generals were two a penny at that altitude. How in any case would Keble get to Churchill? He would have to go through channels, and the channels were blocked with weed. He would also have to act extremely fast if the thing were to be done at all, for prime ministers in wartime do not wait around. The thing, in short, seemed beyond all doing. Yet done it was, and personally I think that it was thanks to the great Duke of Marlborough. At least his spirit fought a hidden battle on the plains of Cairo that was no less telling, in its way, than Blenheim's famous victory.

These have remained uncertain matters. Yet several facts appear. One is that Captain Deakin, who is now Sir William Deakin, was Mr Churchill's personal friend. A second is that Captain Deakin knew, and was authorised to know, all the information in the intercepts. A third is that Captain Deakin was in favour of helping the partisans. A fourth is that his G2 discussed an idea with him. One cannot order one's junior to go to the prime minister over all the intervening hierarchy, but there is no law against encouraging two friends to meet; nor is there any limit, if one of them happens to be prime minister, upon what they may legitimately talk about.

Mr Churchill came and stayed a little while; and then other facts appeared. One was that on 30 January Mr Churchill sent for Brigadier Keble. Another was that Keble handed the prime minister a memorandum. This was not, as may be seen in FO 371/37579 at the Public Records Office near Kew Gardens, a very alarming document; but it was shrewdly composed. It said that we should go on supporting Mihajlović and the chetniks in Serbia. But it explained that there were other and evidently effective resistance forces in other parts of Jugoslavia, notably in Slovenia and Croatia. These deserved support, but were getting none. 'If this situation continues, take a practical interest.' We should therefore step in first. And this being desirable, more long-range aircraft should be allocated to us for the reinforcement of our four limping Liberators.

The effect was enormous and immediate. Almost within hours, as I recall, word filtered down that Mr Churchill had accepted the substance of this memorandum. We were to be given the green light for contacting these resistance forces in Slovenia and Croatia who were, as was soon confirmed, the partisans revealed in our SD intercepts. We were to receive an adequate number of Halifax bombers in support of our Liberators. Whatever might now come, one thing was sure. The Cairo 'partisans' had won.

Tremendous rows still lay ahead, of course; and even now, long after, the dust has not quite settled on this critical event. But if mystery remains, the thing was certainly done.

History, it seems, adheres only rarely to laws. It proceeds by fits and starts, retreats, doublings-back and unpredictable advances. The connection with Tito had been authorised: 'high policy' had made its decision. But the initiative still had to fight for its survival: not only against the nostalgia for royalist resistance movements, but also against the ambitions of its begetters, 'Bolo' Keble among them.

THE STORY is so extraordinary, even excessive, that it long remained untold. Only thirty years later did it come to light when a group of survivors gathered in one of Her Majesty's grace-and-favour mansions, situated in the pleasant meadows of Windsor Great Park. Cumberland Lodge dates chiefly from the reign of Queen Anne but now has plumbing and other comforts, and is generously given for the use of discreet meetings connected with Her Majesty's service. Over a weekend in 1973 we talked through a morning and reassembled in a sunny drawing-room, after lunch, to hear a contribution to history from one of the most distinguished of our number, Sir Fitzroy Maclean. What Maclean had to say provoked a silence.

In 1943 Captain Maclean was in the Special Air Service. Hailed down from Palestine, where his raiding unit was based, he was told

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that he would go to Jugoslavia. Flying back to London for interview with the prime minister, he expected to be sent to Mihajlović and the chetniks, because, not yet being in the know, he had heard nothing of chetnik inactivity or of the partisans. He learned better in Downing Street. He was to find out, Mr Churchill told him, who was killing most Germans in Jugoslavia, and how Britain could help whoever that was to kill more of them. The likely party seemed to be Tito and the partisans. They were communists, but politics had to be a secondary consideration.

'Have you,' asked Maclean, for whom asking questions of prime ministers held no terror, 'thought out the implications of backing a communist-inspired movement bound to be responsible to the Russians?'

'Yes,' replied the prime minister, 'we have.'

Maclean repeated the same question in another form several months later. He was now sure, from personal experience, that Tito would win. He was also sure, he told Churchill, that Tito's Jugoslavia would be communist.

'Are you going to live there?' asked the prime minister.

'No.'

'Neither am I, so had we not better leave the Jugoslavs themselves to work out what sort of system they are going to have?'

AND SO the 'classic dilemma' was solved for Jugoslavia; and, thanks to partisan strength there, it was solved in favour of backing resistance, and therefore backing the people in that country who wanted a fresh start after the war. If James could have hovered above that room in Downing Street he would surely have raised his right hand in blessing by the sacred law. Lecturing his flock in the villa out of Mena House, he had got it right. All the sadder to relate, then, that it was evidently for the last time. After the war he got it wrong, and even much worse than wrong: which no doubt goes to show, among other things, that you have to be very careful when you dabble with sacred laws.

Maclean was to be promoted brigadier, Churchill continued, and go to Tito as the prime minister's personal representative. He could have his pick of the whole army in choosing a second-in-command, and SOE had been given all the necessary orders. Speed was of the essence.

Thus empowered, Maclean set about fulfilling his orders. This proved less easy than you might think, or than he thought. Lord Selborne at one end, and Keble at the other, had different ideas. However previously opposed to each other, they were now drawn together by a common sense of outrage. They at once made common cause against this dastardly attempt to remove the prospective link with Tito from their direct control, and consign it to the Foreign Office or, worse still, the prime minister himself. Selborne evidently saw that if this should happen his own policy of backing the inactive Mihajlović would go irretrievably down the drain, while Keble's certainty was that he would be cast upon the sidelines and forgotten. So it must have been: for Keble's rage, like Othello's, certainly swept on to bloody thoughts and capable revenge.

Leaving Downing Street, Maclean went round to Baker Street and asked for air transport to Cairo. They told him there was none to be had. He waited, and asked again. Nothing doing: the weather was simply not fit for flying. Instead, he was bidden again to Downing Street. There the grand old man in the siren suit showed Maclean a signal from General Sir Henry Maitland Wilson, commander-in-chief in the Middle East. General Wilson, the signal said, considered Maclean totally unsuitable for the job. This surprised Maclean because General Wilson — and what could be more natural? — happened to be his personal friend. But he need not have worried, for the prime minister understood the game in play. He showed Maclean the reply that he had sent to General Wilson over his personal radio link. This told Wilson to do as he was told, and send Maclean.

THE SELBORNES and Kebles should have known their England better; and, come to that, their Scotland too. Leaving Number 10 Maclean walked across the Horseguards Parade where he happened to meet a friend who happened to reveal that he was flying to Cairo the next day. They went to this friend's office of authority and phoned the air ministry. No planes flying? Yes, of course there were planes flying. Then didn't they know that Maclean urgently required a passage to Cairo? Yes, they'd heard about that, but SOE had told them that Maclean did not really want to go. He did? Then tomorrow of course.

Maclean went back to Baker Street, where, with suitable long faces, they told him that the weather still prevented flying. He informed them that he had his passage in his pocket. Ah well, they said, pausing, then you had better see Lord Selborne. Lord Selborne was all smiles, but suggested that he should take an oath of loyalty to SOE. Captain Maclean demurred: and why indeed should a British officer take oath of loyalty to any save the monarch. At this Lord Selborne pointed to two little leather cases embossed in gold with the letters DSO, for Distinguished Service Order, a prestigious medal then and since. 'That,' he said, 'is what we do for those who serve us loyally.' Now I doubt if even Bolo would have tried this one; and James would certainly have looked peculiarly owlish.

Arrived with no more delay in Cairo, Maclean was received by General Wilson. Why had the general advised Churchill that he was totally unsuitable? The general had done no such thing. Somebody had sent the signal in his name. Somebody was going to pay for it. Maclean was to get himself gazetted brigadier forthwith.

There followed a meeting between Keble and Maclean at Rustem Building. It was not friendly. Why, demanded Keble, was Maclean dressed as a brigadier? Because, Maclean replied, the commander-in-chief had so bidden him. Why had he gone to see the commander-in-chief? Same reply. Then, said Keble, he was not to go again, not even if ordered by the commander-in-chief. Further, he was not going to be sent to Jugoslavia: SOE would see to that. And meanwhile Keble had forbidden anyone to show him any files, signals, or other useful information whatsoever. End of meeting.

This is where one sees the force of the argument of those who held that Keble had actually gone mad. He must otherwise have understood that the flashing vest and burnished brow could not help him here. Bullying Tamplin and his kind was one thing: bullying the scion of innumerable Highland ancestors was another. He raged and threatened; but he might as well have hit the wind. For Maclean was not only a man of impeccable good manners, of unfailing generosity to all who depended on him, and modest to a fault in the general run of things. He was also a man who expected to be taken for what he was, and who, if not so taken, possessed a steely will to trample on offenders. Those who would not take him for what he was found him stiff, cold, insulting and ambitious: they mistook for ambition, that is, what was nothing more than the natural assumption of a place at the top. After the war Maclean returned to Parliament and just as naturally failed to reach high office there, for he failed still more in the art of scrumming that any success must depend on in that competitive arena.

KEBLE'S MADNESS continued. Returning to General Wilson after his interview at Rustem Building, Maclean found the commander-in-chief in conversation with Colonel Vellacott. A distinguished academic in private life, Colonel Vellacott's special duty was to disseminate lies. In the Middle East command, let me explain, he was the centre of spreading those 'whispers' which so delighted the priest of Saint Rock.

'Tell Fitzroy,' said General Wilson to Vellacott, 'what you just told me.' Whereupon Vellacott explained that SOE had asked him to spread a new 'whisper' round the best bars and army grapevines. This was to confide in all useful ears that Maclean was a hopeless drunk, an active homosexual, and a consistent coward. Vellacott said that he was sure that SOE must have excellent reasons for wishing this impression of Maclean to get around, but even so had felt it wise to secure confirmation from the commander-in-chief.

And that was pretty well the end of Keble. A top-level meeting called by General Wilson launched yet another purge of SOE Cairo, and all obstacles were removed. But well forewarned now, Maclean took another step to win the war. Happening to have the right connexions, he provided himself with a separate and secret radio link, by wavelength and code, between himself in Jugoslavia and General Wilson in Cairo, as well as with the prime minister in London. So that later on, as he told us thirty years later, 'when I found that Churchill was not receiving signals from me (at Tito's headquarters) that had been duly despatched (via SOE Cairo) and acknowledged, I was fortunately able to repeat them to him in full by another (radio) channel.'

This was really the last that was heard of the man who got the intercepts and used them, and a few months later he was dead. Which only goes to show, no doubt, that if you are going to reach the stars from somewhere far below you had better take a firm hold on James Klugmann's sacred law.

Maclean departed to join us in the hills of Jugoslavia, though careful, as he recalled at Cumberland Lodge, not to take the first parachute offered to him. There he fulfilled his mission with a steadfast authority and courage, tact and talent, such as no one could have bettered; and both sides, the British and the Jugoslavs, had the strongest reasons to be grateful for his work. He never got one of Lord Selborne's DSOs, you wouldn't expect it; but afterwards he was made a baronet, which many of us thought the very least that he deserved, and lives happily ever after.

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JUSTICE
Nigel Lewis

How did a youngster fade away after three weeks in custody?

The death of Cartoon Campbell

ON THE LAST day of February this year Mrs Jean Campbell — Jamaican-born and resident in this country for the last twenty years — set off for work, saying goodbye to her 19-year-old son, Richard, who had spent the night at her flat in Roehampton, South London. He was 'his normal self, the same as he was since the day he was born.' He called 'See you mum!' as she left.

He never saw her again, and the next time she saw him — just over one month later — he was dead on a mortuary slab in Chertsey, Surrey. Throughout the intervening period she had learned nothing of her son's whereabouts or his drift towards death in custody. At the preliminary inquest on 8 May the cause of death was given, in the report of Home Office pathologist Dr Kevin Lee, as dehydration, with a background of clinically diagnosed schizophrenia. The public inquest on 10 July should shed more light on both that finding and its context. Pending the public inquest, however, the evidence already available gives a disturbing picture. It should be said at the outset that none of it points to active physical maltreatment of Campbell while he was in custody.

The story is complicated by a confusion over Campbell's identity. He had a variety of aliases, under one of which — Anthony Benjamin Brown — his body was checked into the Chertsey mortuary. Prior to this, at his two appearances before Camberwell magistrates court on 3 and 10 March, he was listed as 'details declined', meaning that he had refused to give his name. Accordingly, he appeared before the court with none.

The Camberwell appearances can be traced back to 7.15 on the morning of 1 March when, according to the official account, a detective sergeant of Brixton police saw a young black man shaking the door of a sports shop and apparently intending to enter it. The man was arrested and taken to Brixton police station, where he is said to have stated that he wanted to distribute the goods inside the shop to the poor.

This would be consistent with Campbell's attitudes before his arrest. He had become a bible-carrying Rastafarian, so recent a convert to the cult that he hadn't had time yet to grow his dread-locks, and was given to talking of the poverty and starvation in Africa. For all this, he had a wisecracking sense of humour — his friends called him 'Cartoon'. He had a history of trouble, but a fairly minor one. In March last year, he was fined for possessing marijuana. The following July, he was picked up in a stolen car (driven by someone else) containing stolen goods, and fined again. Campbell jumped the two fines — totalling £250 — and when arrested on 1 March had been wanted by the police for eight months. If he refused to give his real name — or any name — at Brixton, the standard police procedure would have been to use fingerprints to check back through the records at Scotland Yard. This could explain the official prolongation of his alias until his death.

At his first Camberwell appearance he was remanded to Lewes Prison, where, according to another inmate who knew him, he was his normal self, cracking jokes as usual and eating the prison food — despite the strict Rastafarian dietary code — 'like a horse'. His nickname apparently still held good.

But not for much longer. Campbell is said to have burst out in court when, on 10 March, Camberwell remanded him to Ashford Remand Centre in Middlesex for medical, psychiatric and social reports. According to Ashford, Campbell was at once admitted to the centre's hospital wing. There he was prescribed a course of three major tranquilisers — Largactil, Stemetil, and Depixol — two of which are used in the treatment of schizophrenia.

On approximately 16 March, Campbell began refusing nourishment. On 19 March he was visited by his probation officer, Robert Wagstaff, who told Campbell's parents that he was in a trance-like state and underweight. Wagstaff said that he was so disturbed by what he saw that he had to sit in his car afterwards to recover. The visit of Wagstaff — who knew Campbell's real name — establishes that the remand centre must have learned it too, if only from Wagstaff himself, whatever the official procedure concerning aliases.

Four days later, on 23 March, the centre called an ambulance to take Campbell to Ashford General Hospital. There is some confusion about this call. It appears that the centre first dialled the 999 emergency service, to be told that a doctor's authorisation was needed. The centre's medical officer was called in — on a Sunday — to grant the authorisation. Secondly, it seems that it was fluctuation in Campbell's pulse that prompted the call. But these points remain at the moment inaccessible in Ashford hospital and in the remand centre. What one can conclude is that the remand centre staff were worried about Campbell's condition.

Yet Campbell was still strong enough, on the night of 23 March, to take his bedside vase and swing a blow at the warder guarding him in hospital. As a result, he was handcuffed to his bed for the rest of the night. The next day, the remand centre tried to get him admitted to St Bernard's psychiatric hospital in Southall. St Bernard's considered him physically ill, so they refused him; Ashford General Hospital, on the other hand, thought him mentally ill and therefore not *their* responsibility. After being discharged from Ashford General he was taken back to Ashford Remand Centre. He had one week to live.

On 25 March, the remand centre asked Ashford General for a naso-gastric device — the Ryle's tube — which is often used to extract liquids from the stomach or to conduct tests, but is also used for artificial feeding. The hospital at first refused the tube, but then provided it on condition that the centre produce the proper doctor's authorisation, which was sent later.

Since the Price sisters' hunger strike in Holloway in 1974 Home Office regulations have permitted tube feeding only in those cases where it is established that the subject is of unsound mind. Campbell was, according to Ashford, of unsound mind, and was artificially fed. The centre denies that he was conducting anything as coherent as a hunger strike. Other Home Office regulations forbid next of kin to be informed when someone over eighteen years of age is being detained, unless the prisoner himself specifically requests it. The common sense of this is easy to see, but one can only wonder at a set of regulations which on the one hand deems someone incapable of rational choice in the matter of eating and on the other deems him rational enough to decide whether or not his family should be told of his condition.

THE GREYEST area of all is that between 25 March and 7.30 a.m. on 31 March, when a hospital wing warder found Campbell dead, alone in his cell. Later that morning — the very day that Campbell was due to appear at Camberwell for the third time — the probation officer, Robert Wagstaff, telephoned Mrs Campbell with the news.

It is the speed of it all that astonishes — just three weeks from his usual wisecracking self in Lewes Prison to the mortuary slab. There simply doesn't seem to have been the time for Campbell to have dehydrated to the point of death, especially considering the evidence of liquid feeding. Then there is the extent of the dehydration — 29 per cent, according to both the Home Office pathologist, Dr Lee, and an independent pathologist, Dr Peter Pullar. This would not generally be reckoned sufficient to cause death, and nor would Campbell's weight loss of a stone and a half in three weeks, although this and the dehydration must have brought about considerable metabolic havoc. Less than two days after he was strong enough to have a go at a warder, Campbell was considered weak enough for artificial feeding to be thought necessary, or to be envisaged as a probability, at any rate. It is not known exactly when tube feeding started, but at the outside it didn't last longer than six days, and again the shortness of the time span is disturbing.

Then there is the question of whether the hospital wing of Ashford Remand Centre was at all the right place for someone as seriously ill as Campbell must have been. The official Ashford ratio of one warder to every twelve prisoners is a misleading one, as a number of warders are liable to be out of the centre at any one time. In practice they are greatly overworked, doing an average of thirty to forty hours of overtime each a week. The inmates of the hospital wing's cells are kept under special observation, but this is a phrase with a lot of latitude. The kind of observation carried out by a prison warder — even when he has some medical training — ends a long way before medical observation in an NHS hospital begins. It was the latter kind of care that Campbell obviously needed, but did not get.

Campbell was unrepresented at both of his Camberwell court appearances, while he was alive, and there are severe financial limitations on his representation too now that he is dead. He *will* be represented, but by lawyers acting out of an unremunerative concern. An additional complication is the fact that in an inquest the coroner has complete discretion concerning what witnesses are or are not called. And finally, the alerting of public awareness is surely nowhere more necessary than when all the usual safety nets break — as they seem to have done, completely, in the terrifying isolation of Richard Campbell's last weeks. It is a hard end to a story that begins with someone shaking the door of a sports shop in Brixton.

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SECURITY
Duncan Campbell & Clive Thomas

Monitoring service may have helped Rhodesians

The BBC's 'trade secrets'

THE LEAST KNOWN part of the BBC is also the most open part of Britain's intelligence machine. The BBC Monitoring Service is the only section of a multinational effort to monitor the world's communications whose output is openly available to the press and public. Under an agreement with the US Central Intelligence Agency dating from 1948, the two organisations monitor most of the world's significant news and other broadcasts. Both the BBC and the CIA have a network of overseas stations, operated with various degrees of secrecy, to gather their raw material.

According to British and African sources one such unacknowledged BBC station is located in Lilongwe, Malawi. According to visitors to the British High Commission, where the listening post is located, BBC operators there were 'furtive' and refused to describe what they were doing. The *New Statesman* has obtained first-hand information on secret security arrangements made by the Malawi government to feed the output of the BBC station secretly to Rhodesia and South Africa for use in propaganda broadcasting. One particular propaganda station — the anti-Frelimo Portuguese clandestine radio, 'A Voz de Africa Livre' (Voice of Free Africa — was identified as using the product of the secret Malawi-South Africa link. The Voice of Free Africa station — which stopped broadcasts in February this year after an appeal to Lord Soames by a Frelimo delegation — always claimed that it was operated by partisans inside Mozambique. But radio listening enthusiasts tracked it down to Gwelo, Rhodesia, where it used the same transmitter and frequency, 1.02 MHz, as official Rhodesian Broadcasting Corporation tranmissions.

Transcripts of Voice of Free Africa broadcasts during 1979 show that the station was indeed using monitored material from several sources in its broadcasts. The monitored material was used faster than would have been possible with published services, such as the BBC's daily *Summary of World Broadcasts*.

However, the BBC flatly denies participation in any such arrangement. John Rae, head of the Monitoring Service, said last week that he was 'not witting' of any arrangement to hand intercepted material direct to South Africans. He pointed out that as far as the Lilongwe station is concerned (there is a second, and larger African monitoring station in Nairobi), RBC and SABC transmissions are among the principal targets.

During a visit to the Monitoring Service HQ at Caversham Park, Reading, last week, it became apparent that there were a number of ways in which the BBC material could be covertly channelled elsewhere. All material from Africa is routed through Foreign Office links, and carries a security classification. As a *quid pro quo* for the use of High Commission and Embassy facilities, the Foreign Office also receives and analyses much of the raw material from the monitoring stations. Thus arrangements could easily be made by the FO or MI6 to distribute BBC material wherever they wished.

It has now become well established that SIS and some sections of the FO, like the major oil companies, were more than capable of conspiring illegally to assist Rhodesia and South Africa. Under the table copies of BBC monitoring material would be a trivial additional service to South African penetration of British Intelligence.

According to African sources, a principal reason for the deal concerning the BBC was that in the early 1970s SABC had wanted their own monitoring facilities inside Malawi, to intercept broadcasts from Tanzania, Mozambique, and Zambia. Malawi's President, Hastings Banda, was reluctant to allow such an obvious gesture of help to South Africa; moreover, he had a useful bargaining counter with the BBC unit. The BBC's so-called 'Central African unit' had originally set up in Francistown, Botswana, shortly after UDI in 1965. Subsequently and (according to the same source) secretly, the unit moved out to Blantyre, Malawi. The BBC officials lived in a hotel and did their monitoring from a private house. The BBC claims that this was done with government consent.

The truth may lie in between. In 1972, the BBC officials were arrested by the police for spying, and the unit was forced to closed down (the officials were soon released). When the unit reopened in the High Commission in Lilongwe, according to sources, helping out SABC was part of the deal. One SABC journalist has confirmed that he saw unedited BBC monitoring material.

WHETHER OR NOT the BBC was aware of this clandestine set-up, there is little doubt that such arrangements are intrinsic to monitoring work. The service first began in an *ad hoc* way within the BBC's Overseas Intelligence Department just before the Second World War, and rapidly expanded to meet the needs of the Political Warfare Executive. Cruickshank's study of *The Fourth Arm: Psychological Warfare 1938-45*, makes the BBC's role clear:

> The Corporation monitored every significant word broadcast in Europe and transcriptions were provided for the propagandists within hours.

The BBC also monitored Nazi and other news agency transmissions, as it does today. These, according to Asa Briggs, had a particular value:

> (The propagandists) were sometimes able to use the intercepted material to pre-release news of awards made to German soldiers . . . before their recipients were aware that they had been conferred . . .

thus enormously boosting the credibility and propaganda impact of British clandestine stations, notably Sefton Delmer's *Soldatensender* in Kent.

The advantages of a rapid and comprehensive monitoring service to a propaganda station, such as the Voice of Africa, are no less today than they were to Sefton Delmer's chums. Good radio propaganda depends on timely, and for the most part authentic, news distribution.

This sort of activity continues to this day, in less visible or glorious fashion. One particular customer of BBC Monitoring Service material has been the Information Research Department of the Foreign Office (now the Overseas Information Department) which conducts 'grey' propaganda operations (using biased but authentic material) and was funded from the secret vote. IRD was founded in the late '40s by Christopher Mayhew, who now acknowledges frankly that it was a 'covert anti-Soviet propaganda unit'. IRD continued to operate and supply a wide range of suitably tailored briefings on all internationl topics until 1976. It also funded a range of publishing activities which did not acknowledge their covert government support.

The Monitoring Service is entirely funded by a Foreign Office £4.4m Grant-in-Aid, and is supervised by the Information Policy Department of the FO. (A trivial amount is recovered from subscribers to the news service.) Apart from the BBC's own newsrooms, the customer for all the monitoring output is the Foreign Office, including of course SIS.

Not unnaturally, the targets of the BBC monitors closely reflect the FO's interest in any particular area at any time: The objective is:

> (to report on) broadcasts of immediate importance in international affairs, or directly attacking British interests (BBC Handbook 1957-58).

The requirements of FO foreign intelligence gathering are unlikely to deviate far from the BBC's concern with threatened 'British interests'. Thus, for example, last year Caversham Park was recruiting Kurdish translators (including some for the CIA's Foreign Broadcast Information Service which has a liason unit at Caversham); earlier this month, the BBC was advertising for speakers of Pashto and Dari dialects, spoken in both Iran and Afghanistan. Until 1979, the BBC had a listening post in the Tehran Embassy.

The major target is of course Eastern Europe, and most of the BBC's efforts are in this direction. Apart from UK facilities, a remotely controlled listening station on the rooftop of the Vienna Embassy monitors VHF radio and television from Hungary and Czechoslovakia which is only receivable at such short ranges. The use of listening posts inside Embassies and Consulates is a sensitive point with the Monitoring Service — their existence has never been precisely acknowledged in BBC reports. According to other BBC sources, there are two other such posts now operating, at Accra in Ghana and Abidjan on

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the Ivory Coast. In an interview last week, however, John Rae denied the existence of other facilities. Had there been listening posts there, or at any other embassy? 'No comment', he replied, and noted that 'we have a few trade secrets about our methods'.

One reason for such sensitivity is that Britain's other listening agency, Government Communications Headquarters, which monitors civil, military and diplomatic communications, is entirely clandestine and never acknowledges its presence inside Embassies to the host government. GCHQ's activities mesh closely with those of the BBC in the sense that coverage is not duplicated; GCHQ never monitors open broadcasts, except occasional pirate stations or 'illegals', while the BBC will monitor only open transmissions. Although Monitoring Service chief John Rae says he is unaware of any carve-up of monitoring tasks, it is clear from the US National Archives and the dates of agreements that the BBC fits in with a more general plan. In 1947, GCHQ and its US partner signed the first of a series of agreements, in which they divided up the monitoring of military/diplomatic etc traffic between themselves, allocating particular domains of responsibility. GCHQ was responsible for Europe, Africa and western USSR. In 1948, a precisely similar agreement was signed between the BBC and the CIA concerning open broadcasts.

The CIA link is a matter of some embarrassment. John Rae told the *New Statesman* last week that, as far as the Foreign Broadcast Information Service was concerned:

> I've heard they're part of the CIA. I'm not curious about it.

FBIS are very much part of the CIA; they come under its Intelligence Directorate. Remarkably enough, it is the British BBC which is more open in its conduct in this area than the US — FBIS reports are not generally available to the public in the way that BBC Monitoring Service reports are. Nor may visitors to Caversham Park tour FBIS facilities there. However, Rae was clearly surprised to learn that in times past the BBC had owned up to its CIA link:

> There (is) close co-operation between the BBC's Monitoring Service and its American counterpart, the Foreign Broadcasts Information Branch of the United States Central Intelligence Agency, and each of the two services maintained liaison units at each other's stations for the purposes of a full exchange of information *(BBC Annual Report, 1948-49)*.

Since 1949, any mention of the CIA has been rigorously suppressed and even historical articles only refer coyly to 'US partners'.

According to Rae, the Monitoring Service's only links with GCHQ, apart from the recruitment of engineering staff and monitors from GCHQ, are through the FO itself. Strong co-ordinating arrangements exist with FBIS, however — the BBC had to step up its reporting of Portugal and Spain during 1974/75 to meet CIA requirements, and to provide the FO with a special, direct teleprinter service. In 1976/77 the BBC had to provide extra effort toward Eastern Europe as a *quid pro quo* for the CIA taking over the Far East Unit in Hong Kong when the Monitoring Service had to make economy cuts.

Unlike the BBC, the CIA has not shirked from open use of FBIS (and by implication BBC) material in propaganda operations. Moreover, according to former CIA official Victor Marchetti in *The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence,* the FBIS quite cheerfully handed out transcripts of supposed Chinese mainland counter-revolutionary broadcasts which were in fact coming from CIA covert stations on Taiwan; 'operational security' required the deception to continue. Other FBIS and BBC intercepts were used by the CIA to measure the effectiveness of their propaganda operations.

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Tomin prepares to leave . . .

A special correspondent writes: Some countries worry about a brain drain; Czechoslovakia, apparently bent on cultural suicide, pulls the plug. Take, for example, the treatment of their two greatest playwrights: Pavel Kohout, who was refused re-entry into the country after an officially approved stay in Austria; Vaclav Havel, who distained the contemptible promise to drop all charges against him if he accepted an offer from Broadway — and is now serving a 4½ year sentence for 'subversion'.

For many years the Czechoslovak authorities have been trying to bribe or force Julius Tomin to leave; they had, though, tied their own hands in as much as they had left themselves no further sanctions to use against him. Already they had denied his son secondary education, disconnected his phone and removed his driving licence; already they had ensured that manual labouring jobs were all he could find, and those not often. And the familiarity of the regular interrogations and beatings had long since bred contempt. Even the desperate attempts to get him certified as 'psychopathic, paranoiac' failed when the Czechoslovak psychiatrists, more courageous than their Soviet colleagues, refused to make the diagnosis.

The reason for staying — even in prison, even at the expense of a son's education — is the knowledge that the work to be done inside Czechoslovakia is more important than anything to be done outside. For Tomin, this work was his Wednesday Philosophy course; the longest running of the 'unofficial seminars' in Czechoslovakia, although as a completely open group it attracted the worst of the police harassment. Defeated by Tomin's students, the police eventually resorted to the simple, if illegal, expedient of preventing the group from assembling.

The seminars became physically impossible; although other lecturers might have then 'gone underground' and continued in secret, with restricted numbers, for Tomin and his students the principle that legal activities should not be conducted as if they were illegal is too important to compromise. So, after a three year run, the Wednesday seminars are at an end.

Since he can no longer continue with this work in Prague, Tomin is now free to put the interests of his family and of his own research first, and has applied for a 5 year exit visa. If they leave the country, his elder son — a boy of luminous intelligence — will get the education he has been denied for the last three years; Tomin, for his part, will be able to accept the many requests to lecture he has received, and can exploit Western libraries: a change from Prague, where his typescript translation of Heraclitus passes from hand to hand as though it were pornography. Five years, let us hope, might give the security police time to reflect upon the damage they have done their country's reputation by attacking the seminars; damage aptly illustrated by the thumbnail sketch in a recent *Times* leader of the Husak government as 'the regime terrified by Aristotle'.

. . . and Battek faces prison

Jan Kavan writes: One of Charter 77's spokesmen, Rudolf Battek, has been charged under Articles 155/1a and 202/1 of the Czech Penal Code with assaulting a public official and causing a breach of the peace. The charges, which carry a possible sentence of up to three years, arise out of an incident at a police station in Prague where Battek allegedly hit a policeman. Battek was summoned to the police station on 14 June in connection with the theft of his car, which he had reported a few days previously. It was not until 18 June that his wife learned that he had been charged and taken into custody.

Charter 77 sources believe that the incident was a definite provocation on the part of the police. In a statement issued on 20 June, Charter 77 drew a parallel between the charges against Battek and the case of another Charter spokesman, Dr Jaroslav Sabata, convicted in 1978 of assaulting a public official 'under equally obscure and fictitious circumstances'.

Born in 1924, Battek is a sociologist by training. In 1968 he was employed in the Sociological Institute of the Czechoslovak Academy of Science, where he was also chairman of the trade union committee. He was a member of the Czech National Council, and deputy chairman of KAN (Club of Engaged Non-Party Members). Since 1969 he has spent four years in prison, three of them for his part in a campaign urging the public not to vote in the 1971 elections. In 1977 he signed the Charter and was elected as one of the movement's spokesmen in February this year. A founding member of the Committee to Defend the Unjustly Prosecuted (VONS), Battek is also a leader of the Independent Socialist Group (whose policy statement was published in the *New Statesman* on 10 November 1978).

In October 1979 Battek was detained on suspicion of subversion and interrogated about a collection of essays entitled 'On Freedom and Power', edited by Vaclav Havel (to be published in England by Allison and Busby). He was released following widespread protests by the major parties of the Socialist International, with whom he had maintained strong links.

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London Diary

☐ For those of you who have been wondering what Larry Lamb, editor of the *Sun,* did to deserve the knighthood he received last month, here is a an example of the sensitive reporting for which his paper is justly famous. SHOCK PORN SHOW ON THE TAX-PAYER ran the headline above a piece about a pornography seminar organised by the Institute for Contemporary Arts in May. According to the *Sun* 'more than 150 youngsters watched hard-core blue movies yesterday . . . at a show supported by the taxpayer.' As the films shown included 'three-in-a-bed sex, lesbianism and orgies', shocking indeed. Unfortunately, however, it was not true. The two-day seminar was restricted to people over the age of 18, who had to pay a registration fee of £6.50 several days before the event. It was organised jointly with the Society for Education in Film and Television, many of whose members — serious minded academics — made up the audience. The seminar made a small profit.

Understandably the ICA wrote to Sir Larry (then plain Mr), asking for a correction and apology to be published. The *Sun,* however, did not feel there was any necessity to put the record straight. Its editorial manager, Richard Parrack, replied: 'Our reporter, who attended the showing of a film on the occasion in question formed his own impression of the general youth of the audience and we consider that the word youngsters can in colloquial terms apply to the 18 to 25 age group. Women of 25 to 30 are often referred to as girls. The reference to the taxpayer was based on the grant from the Government which the ICA receives via the Arts Council.' (In fact, the *Sun* reporter got that wrong too: the grant is not £100,000 a year, but £250,000 and, incidentally, accounts for just a quarter of the ICA's income.) Now, there are millions of people who read the *Sun* and I very much doubt if many of them consider a 25 year old man or a 30 year old woman to be 'a youngster'. Indeed, my dictionary defines a youngster as 'a child'.

☐ I know it is not exactly a blow for socialism, but I cannot help feeling pleased that the managers and employees of Ferranti have succeeded in their battle to prevent their company being taken over: this week most of the National Enterprise Board's shareholding in the company was sold to a series of pension funds and insurance companies under terms which prevent them from selling their shares for two years. I suspect that one of the next concerns to defeat the government's 'privatisation' plans will be British Airways. A bill giving the government the authority to sell off shares in the state airline is currently trundling through the House of Commons and is expected to be law by the end of the summer. BA will be announcing their 1979/80 results on the 30th of this month. All the indications are that they will be terrible. Close scrutiny of the government's spending plans, published with the budget in March, reveals that even then BA was expecting to make a loss of around £25 million. But those forecasts were in fact made at the end of last year. Since then aggressive price cutting and rising costs in the face of falling demand have led the International Air Transport Association to forecast that in 1980 the world's airlines will lose a staggering £500 million. BA's loss for last year is, therefore, likely to be bigger rather than smaller and the prospects for 1980/81 are extremely bleak: it is hard to find a senior BA executive who confidently expects the company to make a profit. With that sort of prospectus, I doubt if anyone will want to buy any share in BA.

☐ A much more encouraging financial statement appeared on my desk last week — the annual report of the Church Commissioners, which shows that its income from dividends and property rose by about 25 per cent last year and now amounts to some £70 million per annum. This news sent me off to inspect part of the Commissioner's property in its Hyde Park estate, near London's Paddington station. Nos 221-235 Sussex Gardens reverted to the ownershop of the Church Commissioners when the lease they had granted came to an end in 1977. The property — large elegant Victorian houses converted into flats — is in a highly desirable area but is in a highly undesirable state. Over the past three years the central heating and water system has deteriorated rapidly so that, for example, between 1 October 1979 and 18 April this year there was no central heating in one of the houses for 167 days and no hot water for 88 days. Looking after the aged solid fuel boiler which they inherited has not been easy for the Commissioners, especially as the responsibility lay with an aged female caretaker who, since last August, has not even lived in the building. This has also, no doubt, contributed to many of the other complaints of the tenants: frequent breakdowns of the lift, the vulnerability of the building to break-ins and the minimal cleaning of the large communal areas.

In March last year the Commissioners' agents — Chestertons — wrote to the tenants saying that building work would be carried out within the next twelve months; this January the builders moved in. However, their work on a new roof and the outside fabric of the house has caused several plaster falls and the remaining residents feel as though they are living in the middle of a building site. Leaving aside the lethargic way in which their complaints have been treated in the past, the tenants might put up with this inconvenience but for two things. First, in December many of the rents were doubled — the rent officer rejected an application to have them trebled — so that now, for example, 3r k&b cost £1,250 a year. Second, the Commissioners are modernising the vacant flats — complete with turquoise bidets — so that they can be sold. An *unconverted* flat is worth about £35,000, according to local estate agents and Chestertons have offered one sitting tenant £4,250 if she will move out. The is the way that property developers get rich.

☐ As you may know the Defence Committee of the House of Commons is currently conducting an inquiry into D Notices — that now rather decayed system of voluntary censorship under which the British press agrees not to print certain things which the government thinks might be against the national interest. The system is administered by a committee of civil servants and journalist representatives. Its vice-chairman, Mr Windsor Clarke, a senior executive of the Westminster Press Group, recently gave evidence in which he remarked that European and Japanese journalists 'rather envied' the system and 'would like to have it.' Curious, we asked our Tokyo correspondent, Don Kirk, to talk to some Japanese journalists and editors. He telexed back: 'The whole idea appeared so far-fetched that this correspondent had to work his way through a dense miasma of incredulity merely in explaining the system to Japanese editors. Shigenobu Wakamatsu, executive director of *Chunichi Shimbun* and *Tokyo Shimbun,* with large circulations in Japan and Tokyo respectively, remarked, amid polite chuckles, "We would oppose such a movement".' Kirk could only find one senior journalist who had heard of the British system and he — Susumu Eijiri, managing director of Japan Newspaper Publishers and Editors Association — expressed no enthusiasm for it. I am not sure to which journalists Mr Clarke has been speaking but remembering the way in which the Japanese government used the press both before and during World War II as imperialist propaganda organs it is easy to see why Japanese journalists might shy away from anything which smells of censorship.

☐ A correspondent has sent me a copy of an advertisement which is currently being placed in the American financial press by a large multinational which is looking for companies to take over. In this company apparently 'the relationship of people to each other, and to the ideas of others, is a major ingredient in our creative growth.' 'From the first', the ad goes on 'this success has been built upon a management philosophy that provides the kind of atmosphere and cooperation that contributes to strong relationships. A philosophy that entrusts each of our companies with the operating independence and creative freedom to make their ideas grow.' And so on. If you want to know more the ad asks you to write to 'Gordon Brunton, President, International Thomson Organisation.' Can this, I ask myself, be the same International Thomson Organisation which valued the relationship of people to each other so highly that in an atmosphere of cooperation and at a cost of over £30 million it closed down one of its profitable operating companies as a way of disciplining the workers? Is it the same organisation which, despite this successful management philosophy, is still losing copies of the *Sunday Times,* has a backlog of adverts on the *Times* and is expecting losses running into many millions of pounds this year? And is it the same company which is financing its takeover with North Sea Oil profits? Answers not, please, to me, but to the Imperial Father of the Federated Chapels at Times Newspapers.

Christopher Hird

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ A three-day Fiesta at Wolverhampton, organised by the council to publicise the town, has ended with an inquiry into interdepartmental discord arising from the chief public relations officer's punching of the anti-vandalism officer. — *Daily Telegraph* (G. Moor)

☐ Isn't it about time we made it an offence to call our policemen 'pigs'? . . . Why not make this the Year of the Policeman? We could have T-shirts with the slogan 'Cops are Tops'. — Letter in *Daily Mirror* (P. Clark)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Queen of the humanities

In the NS of 6 June Terry Eagleton criticised the English Faculties at Oxford and Cambridge, describing moves for reform at Oxford. Two readers now put their views on the teaching of English at university level.

From Professor John Broadbent

My colleagues and I, as convenors of the DUET Workshop at Norwich 14-20 September this autumn, agree with Terry Eagleton (NS 6 June) that there is 'a muted, pervasive crisis in the whole meaning and function of "literature" and "criticism"'; but we are trying to work at it in terms which we hope are more practical, and more reflective, than a debate about the syllabus at Oxford or at Cambridge.

DUET stands for Development of University English Teaching but we acknowledge the hint of interwoven voices; indeed we are offering the Workshop itself as the chief material of study, a text which interweaves events and themes and may be read accordingly. One of the threads will be a Development Event in which we shall engage in the actual study of problematic areas such as the fear of poetry, the theory of fiction, and ideology. The second main thread will be a Group Event in which members will be able to study the development of the literary culture which they themselves produce, in the here and now.

This is an unusual kind of conference but we present it as more hopeful than the alternatives that Terry Eagleton sketches, of 'ploughing on', or setting up confrontations, or thoughtlessly importing ideas like commodities (though two of us are lecturers in French; but then again, one of us is a consultant in applied social science and another is a probation officer). We want to tie literary studies into the world but through people, not slogans. We are now recruiting from a wide range of institutions and seniorities in higher education. I shall be glad to answer inquiries.

School of English and American Studies, University of East Anglia, Norwich

From Jeremy Howard

I thoroughly endorse Dr Eagleton's contention that the Oxford English course is old fashioned and in need of reform, but I do not see that reform needs to take the shape of structuralism, feminism and all those tedious and trendy-isms.

It does seem sad that Dr Leavis's programme for an English school which was to be a truly modern 'Greats' (not just a poor man's Greats) should have been so persistently ignored by Oxford. Leavis may be tedious when he is banging on about Lawrence, but he is about the only person since Quiller-Couch to have convincingly argued why anyone should bother to study English Literature anyway. Leavis was mooting an integrated course with practical criticism at its centre but which also embraced history, modern linguistic study and a certain amount of philosophy.

As the Oxford course stands there are no modern languages taught barring three options in the special subject paper. Dante, the poet so admired by both Leavis and Eliot, is not on the menu (though he is, oddly enough, for historians), no philosophy can be done even of such prominent literary theorists as Aristotle (historians, again, have to do Hobbes) and there is no scope whatsoever for the study of art history although the visual arts constantly encroach upon literature. Thus, for example, though Pope was a landscape gardener, to think of him in these terms seems transatlantic and flashy. Blake is considered merely as a poet, though he was primarily an engraver. Ruskin is an admirable person to study but as Victorian sage or master of prose rather than art critic.

Leavis was arguing that our culture was in a crisis because everyone was far too specialised and his English course was aimed at turning out 'homini universali'. The Oxford course offers instead of this programme a necessarily superficial study of Old English texts and a History of the Language paper that in practice is treated as a complete joke. It is liberal in the sense that it favours the study of obscure English authors and an eccentric approach to the study of the more mainstream ones. As an instance of how ill-directed the approach is at Oxford, a prominent Professor gave a lecture on 'Buttons in Thackeray', and it seems the more out of the way one's literary taste, the better one is likely to fare with the examiners: Havelock, Lyly and the Scottish Chaucerians might be a good choice, and one could go through the course without having ever read Marlowe, Marvell or Dickens.

But more worrying than the possibilities of eccentricity is the fact that the course, with its author by author scramble, is so unhistorical, one is given so little sense of period and absolutely no conception of what was going on in Europe at the same time or in England even outside the field of English literature.

Thus what is needed at Oxford is not Terry Eagleton's semiotics or Marxist criticism but a more rounded, liberal and humanistic approach to the subject. Then English becomes the Queen of humanities, rather than the very worst possible arts subject.

Brookside, Park Close, Brockenhurst, Hampshire

Alternatives to doomsday?

From Scott Newton

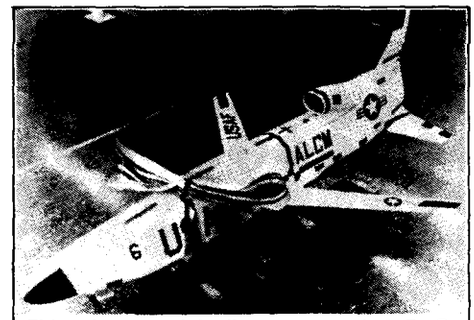
You correctly remark in your editorial *Labour and the Doomsday Consensus* that few on the left can now accept Soviet 'pretensions to rationality — let alone to socialist humanity'. But you then seem to conclude that this being so, we can consider severing our connections with NATO and with Washington.

Until recently it was possible to argue, in a way that was both comforting (at least for the West) and realistic, that the Warsaw Pact had more to do with the maintenance of Soviet hegemony in Eastern Europe than with a possible invasion of the West. On the whole that argument still holds. The fantasy that Soviet tanks may at some stage be seen rolling across the Rhine is not only paranoid but a moth-eaten marketing tactic by the salesmen for the military-industrial complex. If the Soviet Army cannot pacify Afghanistan how is it supposed to subdue the population of Western Europe?

But even those of us who are not old-fashioned cold warriors are entitled to wonder why the USSR has introduced SS-20 missiles into Central Europe. This act alone has contributed in some measure to the current international tension. Accordingly the first task for all socialists and disarmers must be to ensure that neither the SS-20 nor the Cruise missile become permanent parts of the military scene. The next step is to come to agreements about mutual reductions in Eastern and Western Europe over the whole field of conventional and nuclear forces.

How is this process going to be furthered if Britain severs its connections with Washington? NATO will not evaporate, along with the Cold War, if Britain leaves it. What is probable, however, is that the British role will be played by West Germany, with American support and encouragement. Soviet fears of a militarily powerful West Germany with its own deterrent are such that British disarmament could have a dangerously destabilising effect in Central Europe.

This does not mean that we should accept the Cruise missile as readily as the present Government has. Still less does it mean that we should threaten the real value of our investment in NATO by the wasteful and pointless Trident project. But it does mean that we should unequivocally reject the stationing of Cruise Missiles here. NATO should offer to refrain from installing Cruise Missiles if the Soviet Union withdraws its SS-20s.



This picture originally accompanied E. P. Thompson's article 'An Alternative to Doomsday' in December last year. Following the editorial 'Labour and the Doomsday Consensus' on 20 June, readers again take up the vital debate about defence and disarmament, the Labour movement and NATO.

British disarmament will achieve nothing, and may even be counter-productive, if it is unilateral. A genuine relaxation of tension can come only through multilateral disarmament in which the arms' stocks of all military alliances are reduced. Socialist Foreign and Defence Secretaries in Britain are more likely to exercise an influence for peace if they remain on the field of the Atlantic Alliance than if they shout platitudes from the sidelines.

School of History, The University of Birmingham, PO Box 363, Birmingham B15 2TT

From Hugh Jenkins, Chairman of CND

As you say, 'the shadow of destruction threatens every citizen of the world'. The threat is nowhere greater than in these islands for under successive Governments we have chosen to make ourselves an advance base for one of the two great nuke-deployers, the one which has actually used the weapon in war and on people. The majority of members of Parliament either actively support or accept that frightful situation with no apparent appreciation that while it remains the people of our country stand in constant peril of nuclear annihilation.

I am 72 and I suppose my actuarial expectation of life is five or six years. It is almost certainly the case that while we remain a nuclear base no one in the country, not even a child born to-day, has a much longer expectation. If this can be got home to people generally, all other questions will fade into insignificance and a massive popular uprising will make it impossible for any Government to retain nuclear weapons on our soil or in our waters.

29 Great James St, London WC1

From Richard Taylor

You are right to draw attention to the deep chauvinism of the Labour Left and its potential dangers in almost all important fields of foreign and defence policy ('Labour and the Doomsday Consensus'). In relation to the 'European Issue' Tom Nairn analysed, some time ago and with some force, the thoroughly unsocialist nature of the Labour Party's Little Englanders in his 'The Left Against Europe?' The Labour Left's attitude to the American alliance, it might also be remarked, has since the 1940s also been deeply imbued with a chauvinist, if not downright racist, tone, which has little to do with a principled, socialist rejection of the alliance and all that it stands for.

Whilst your exposure of Labour Left chauvinism is thus amply justified, the two major implications of your general argument are, at the very least, highly debatable: first, you imply that the Labour Left's inconsistent and unsocialist attitude to either/both Europe and NATO has applied to all those on the Left; second, and following from this, you appear to assume that the alternative to capitalist/imperialist integration in the EEC/NATO must be seen entirely in isolationist, Little Englander (i.e. standard Labour Left) terms.

There is in reality a third way, which is, in the view of an increasing number of people, the only genuinely Socialist way. This is the espousal of positive neutralism — the reassertion of a humanistic

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Socialism, aligned neither to the Capitalist West nor to the totalitarian Communist East. It is in the context of this perspective, first mooted by the 'New Left' some twenty years ago, that the mounting campaigns to take Britain out of the EEC and out of NATO must be seen.

In the present acute international crisis the immediate concern must, in Britain, be to reverse the decision to site Cruise missiles in the UK, and, in Europe, to strive by every means available for the creation of a European nuclear free zone. The arguments for such political priorities are overwhelming, as E. P. Thompson has so eloquently demonstrated in 'Protest and Survive'. (And the massive response to the END campaign, and the revival of support for CND is bearing this out in political action. Local and regional END groups are now forming throughout the country: the founding meeting in West Yorkshire attracted 800, in Bristol 1000, and so on.)

If this campaign is to succeed in its longer term aims, however, it must from the outset relate its immediate and pressing short-term demands to the wider struggle for a new Europe — an independent and a Socialist Europe. Only through the creation of such new political structures can the immediate disarmament concerns be translated into lasting and effective Socialist achievements.

'Ellerlie', St. Andrew's Avenue, Morley, Leeds 27

Suitable saviour?

From Philip Kleinman

Stuart Holland's article about Algeria (NS 20 June), a country which normally escapes all criticism in the British press, was very interesting. But on what grounds does he believe that 'Ben Bella still offers a chance to reconcile Islam and democratic socialism'? What was ever democratic about Ben Bella? Did he not come to power through an unscrupulous military coup arranged between him and the same Colonel Boumedienne who subsequently got rid of him? Had not Boumedienne previously offered to stage a coup in favour of Mohammed Boudiaf (at a time when Boudiaf and Ben Bella were held by the French) only to have the offer turned down for the obvious reason that it was a betrayal of everything the Algerian revolution purported to stand for?

Did not Ben Bella subsequently suppress all democratic opposition, including that of Boudiaf, a man whose socialist credentials were hugely superior to his own? If Boudiaf had not managed to escape into exile in Morocco would he be alive today? Is not Boudiaf right in believing that, though Ben Bella's treatment over the past 15 years has been deplorable, he is nothing but a flashy loudmouth who, through his undemocratic behaviour, brought destruction upon his own head? Finally, ought the *New Statesman*, of all papers, to be assisting in the restoration of the cult of such tarnished personalities? Pressing for Ben Bella's freedom is one thing. Promoting him as a Third World saviour is quite another.

18 Tremlett Grove, London N19

DHSS replied to

From Judith Cook

Since it has taken Mr Blackwell (NS letters 27 June) some five weeks to voice his criticism of my piece, I assume the time was spent concocting something to suit the image of the DHSS as well as accusing me of error, misrepresentation, invention and amateurism. (1) If I am wrong about the number of one-parent family mothers taken to court then I am in company with the local midlands Press and TV who also had the same figures. (2) Mr Blackwell might have a word with his own office who informed me that Mr Green was the person in charge of the fraud drive so that they can, in future, pass on the correct information to enquirers. Whatever his mystery role may be Mr Blackwell does not dispute Mr Green met the Birmingham Welfare Rights Group as detailed. Whether or not the report of what was said was 'distorted' depends on whom you believe.

(3) Presumably, in view of his other criticisms, Mr Blackwell is also happy to call me a liar. He confirmed the number of people taken on to investigate fraud and the three areas they would mainly be dealing with. He also said that one area of activity would be 'putting pressure', unspecified, on women to go for increased maintenance rather than social security and the letter from his own office to the claimant mentioned entirely bears this out. In fact I never asked him if his office was likely to pay the fines imposed in Court as this would seem stupid, but he volunteered the information that they could hardly be expected to do so.

c/o New Statesman

Energy sources

From Tony Murray

If Anna Coote (NS 20 June) had confined her attack on the draft consultation document *Nuclear Power and the Environment* to its prose style she would have found everyone who had a hand in it agreeing with her. The aim of the document is to cover the issues involved on four sides of paper — there is scarcely room to do more than state opposing views. The Energy Sub-Committee's own booklet goes into much greater detail.

Unless the consultation document has been revised again, it still 'makes no bones about saying' that *contributions from alternative sources should steadily increase.* I have been unable to find the passage which says that energy forecasts suggest we don't need nuclear power, although there is a reference to the Leach Report, which examines the savings which a maximum conservation programme could achieve.

It is in keeping with the tone of Anna Coote's piece that she should end with what can only be interpreted as an attack on the personal integrity of some of the members of the Energy Sub-Committee. The chief distinction of the three members she names is that they are professionally required to keep themselves well informed about the nuclear power industry, including its possible dangers to workers and members of the public. Anna Coote might have mentioned that the Energy Sub-Committee includes representatives from the NUM, from the gas industry, enthusiasts for alternative energy sources and reduced energy programmes and even one or two neutrals. All the names appear in the NEC Annual Report, so there is no justification to spread tales about its being 'stacked' by one interest group or another.

12 Abinger Road, London W4

The uses of innuendo

From Moray McGowan

Is the cause of the gypsies really served by articles like Judith Cook's (NS 13 June), in which she claims that a local council's response after the failure of their initial attempts to move the gypsies out of their area, was 'to call in the TGWU to evict the gypsies', and that the council then 'turned to NUPE'? Surely trade unions don't run gypsy-bashing squads? Later she reports on the activities of the Birmingham Special Patrol Group against the gypsies. 'Whether or not the SPG had unauthorised weapons concealed about their persons', they were, she writes, unable to go into action. Whatever one's opinion of events in Southall last year, this is a cheap and ultimately pointless innuendo. The standards of the Brum SPG may well be very different from those of their London colleagues. In any case, the 'whether or not' clause reads like a weaselish sneer of frustration that the SPG didn't wade in with walkie-talkies flailing so Ms Cook could write a crusading indictment. Surely there's enough *actual* malpractice by public servants to write about?

5 Chatsworth Road, Scotsforth, Lancaster

Democratic rights in China

We, Tariq Ali, Robin Blackburn, Trevor Griffiths, Fred Halliday, Quintin Hoare, Steven Lukes, Ralph Miliband, E. P. Thompson, protest strongly against the sentence of 15 years imprisonment imposed on Wei Jingsheng who was arrested on 29 March 1979. We believe the case brought by the Chinese Government against Wei is not an isolated case, but illustrates the Government's intention of suppressing the people's struggle for basic human and democratic rights. Since his show trial, the Chinese Government has not re-judged Wei's case according to the people's will, but, on the contrary, it has deepened the repression against the democratic movement. At the same time as Wei's arrest, the Chinese Government arrested other democratic movement activists including Fu Yuehua, Ren Wanding and other supporters. It had revoked the Si Da (four basic democratic principles), banned the Democratic Wall (Xi Dan) and numerous unofficial magazines. Based on these facts, we believe that the Chinese Government's policy is undemocratic and repressive.

Committee to Defend Democratic Rights in China, PO Box 50, London N1

In essence

From Michael Wilson

Howard Barrell (NS 6 June) claims that the Pan Africanist Congress of Azania has 'virtually self-destructed'. I can assure him that the PAC is alive and well, and that its military wing, the Azanian People's Liberation Army (APLA) is active within colonial South Africa.

Institute of Social Studies, Badhuisweg 251, The Hague

From Rony Robinson

The playwrights associated with Clare Venables's regime at Stratford have been accused of being 'well meaning' (NS 13 June) and I have been misprinted (NS letters 20 June). I had four plays performed there. None of this work was 'well meaning'. Important things were happening there. The growing oral history project and the policy of genuinely new playwriting are just two of the lost causes. But the accidental death of the last management is what really needs reporting. The bloody business raises important questions about who really runs our subsidised theatres.

6 Laverdene Drive, Totley, Sheffield

From J.P. Edge

Would the Minister of Agriculture Peter Walker agree to have his considerable farm sprayed with the amounts of 245T that are being used by the Forestry Commission, thereby laying to rest all this silly talk and propaganda about its fatal and horrific side-effects?

63 Ashen Grove, London SW19

From Fred Hunter

You have been misled into believing that independent local radio stations have no serious speech programming apart from phone-ins (NS 6 June). I hold no brief for ILR newsrooms but I find the ILR news editors are usually keen to provide training attachments in their stations for students on our course in Radio Journalism who are temporary members of the London Radio Branch of the NUJ. In the course of arranging these attachments I regularly visit ILR newsrooms and they do have machines on which you can edit tape. Some may be older than equipment in BBC local radio stations, but ILR stations do have to make a profit.

London College of Printing, Elephant and Castle, London SE1

From Dianne Hayter

A memorial meeting for Dame Margaret Cole, late President of the Fabian Society, will be held at 12 noon on Tuesday 15 July in the Grand Committee Room at the House of Commons. We hope some of your readers will be able to attend.

Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth Street, London SW1.

Biter bit?

From Christopher Hitchens

The editors of *Socialist Worker* should be congratulated on admitting their mistake (NS 27 June). But it won't do for them to attack the NS for printing fascist letters. Giving space to an avowed racist is different from printing racist sentiments masquerading as socialist opinions. That was the whole point of my original article.

c/o Panorama Hotel, Luanda

Note: more on 'The Socialism of Fools' next week.

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FIRST PERSON
Arthur Marshall

Words, words, words

I place before you the humiliations that life showers on me as and when they occur. I keep nothing back. For a proper and mutual understanding it is essential that you should know the Whole Man, if I may so phrase it and myself. With me it is warts and all, though in my case the warts are much more likely to be carbuncles (and I here refer not to those fiery-red precious stones but painful and inflamed ulcers). Insulted by some, criticised by many, practically spat upon (and in quite good company, now that I come to think of it), I own up to everything, a markedly different approach to life now from that obtaining at my prep school in the 1920s where nobody ever dreamt of owning up who hadn't been actually detected in crime. So there we are then, you must take me or leave me, and preferably the latter, as you find me and my current humiliations are largely concerned with crosswords.

Every so often I take up the *Times* crossword and what do I see, and I am not here merely referring to this clue or that (6 across, 'clear the throat noisily for a bird of prey' in four letters. Answer: HAWK)? No. Before I even look at the clues, I see a statement at the top of the puzzle to the effect that this crossword was used in some competition or other and that 73 per cent of the competitors completed it correctly in 18 minutes, or some such sensational feat. I then start on the crossword, setting off my stopwatch at the same time, and after three hours on it (5 down, 'travel backwards for a stand-in' in three letters. Answer: SUB) I have achieved four answers, two of them a bit doubtful and but lightly pencilled in. Undeterred by constant failures of this description, and no Bruce's spider ever moistened its tentacles, or whatever it is they do, more pluckily than I before resolutely attempting the upward climb, I courageously tackled the other day *Times* Crossword No 15,252, adorned, I was relieved to see, with no boastful announcement concerning the success of others.

You probably remember well enough the crossword in question but just in case you don't, let me remind you that it was the one where the clue for 1 across, the answer to which was in two words, the first of eight letters and the second of five, was 'Reward for the brave warrior here'. Every crossword solver worth his salt knows perfectly well that the word 'brave' is a sort of trap and means not only brave but also a Red Indian, one of the old-fashioned ones and not a native of Bombay with socialist tendencies. The Red Indian that always springs to mind is, of course, Hiawatha. And what was his reward in life? None other than the lovely dusky Minnehaha with the black pigtails. And what was Minnehaha, a trying enough name in all conscience, also known as? Why, Laughing Water! And Laughing has eight letters and Water has five. So the answer to 1 across was, plainly, LAUGHING WATER and I wrote it boldly in.

The answer was, in point of fact, VICTORIA CROSS, nothing to do with Red Indians at all and a very feeble one, in my view, compared with the elaborate one that I had worked out. And if the answer was to be as stated, the clue is pretty feeble too and lamentably unimaginative. For 'Victoria Cross' a much more teasing clue would have been something like 'Monarch with the hump' and one could have pictured the solvers frantically trying to squeeze RICHARD THE THIRD into the space provided. To add insult to injury, a day or so later Minnehaha herself positively made an appearance among the clues, the last four letters of her extremely unfortunate name being used to indicate laughing and laughter. Rather cheap, I thought.

Finding myself the other day, surprisingly enough, in Wick (tippy topmost part of Scotland and a mere 14 miles from John o'Groat's), and finding there, equally surprising for such a relatively small town, a large and admirably stocked bookshop, I was wandering round it when my eye fell on the Collins 'Gem' Dictionary for crossword puzzles, 'a guide for successful puzzle-solving' and in a handy pocket size and selling at £1.20. Within, as I saw after I had hurriedly snapped it up, lie over 47,000 words listed under headings (Architecture, Sports, Art, etc) and, what is much more important, themselves listed in alphabetical order and in sections *according to the number of letters the words contain*. Was there ever such ingenuity and thoughtfulness! Thus, stumped for the answer to 'fearsome fighting matter some fear' in five letters, you fly to the Warfare section and to the list of five-letter words and take your pick from over a hundred, among them blitz, Boche, foray, Gerry, H-bomb, kukri, Luger, sword, U-boat and uhlan (the preponderance of German words need surprise nobody with any sort of memory). The 'Gem' word selector is J.A. MacAuslane, to whom go both our warmest felicitations (13 letters) and congratulations (15).

A prominent feature of all crossword puzzles has always been the entirely seemly nature both of the clues and of the answers to them. Maiden aunts in droves can, and do, grapple with them without a blush. Bishops never need to hide them ('Ah, there you are, my dear') hurriedly under a cushion. Although the word 'knickers' is to be found in the 8-letter Clothing list, it is so embedded in such homely and similarly 8-letter things as galoshes, bedsocks, umbrella, surplice, polka dot, kiss curl and dove grey that the word causes no offence or suggests immodesty. However, I did have one moment of extreme anxiety (and here only Men of the World will be able to appreciate my misgivings). In the Clothing section, the words 'Dutch cap' appear and give one a bit of a start. But, sandwiched as they are between such confidence restoring things as dust-coat and ear-muffs, it is clear that the words can here only mean that charming feature of the national dress of Holland and a Dutch cap that is to be worn solely on the head.

As must have been only too clear over the years, I have a great fondness for jokes that aren't really very good ones and I am much attached to the old music-hall one which, usually uttered by a down-at-heel so-called stand-up comic, goes 'I have no money but my aunt has piles.' It was fired by the memory of this that I tackled the Medicine section of the 'Gem' booklet. How far, I asked myself, were the decorous firm of Messrs Collins prepared to go in the field of illness and cure? What, for instance, of 'piles' itself? Would it be allowed to appear? Hurrying to the 5-letter list, I hunted about for it. Not there! Belch, bowel, gripe, swoon and palsy are all there and ready for action but not a sign of piles, not even among the 12-letter list and tastefully camouflaged as haemorrhoids. Puke and that 4-letter wind noise are also banned. There is not even 'water' among the fives, let alone 'pass water' among the nines. But just in case you might be thinking that the Gem medical section takes an entirely narrow view of life, let me reassure you. Turn at once to the 10-letter section where you will find a joyous assembly of words, among them amputation, barium meal, Black Death, brain fever, broken nose, castration (rather going it, some might think), chloroform, convulsion, danger list, dipsomania, dizzy spell, drug addict, ear trumpet, Epsom salts, false teeth, flatulence (!) and knock-knees.

Being rather greedy, I take great pleasure in the Food and Drink chapter, right from the 3-letter words (bun, cod, eel, egg, pea, pig, roe, rum) through to the mouth-watering sounds of the 11s and 12s (marshmallow, pork sausage, profiterole, roast grouse, double cream, afternoon tea, codfish balls and the final splendour, smoked salmon). 'Scotch kisses' are also listed, whatever they may be or provide in the way of nourishment, the name striking a charmingly domestic and amatory note in the midst of so much good honest fare (scrambled egg, streaky bacon, whipped cream, pigs' knuckles and pickled onion).

Roger Woddis

Hand me a hairshirt

'Unemployment is to a certain extent self-inflicted.'
— Industry Secretary Sir Keith Joseph.

I am a wicked worker
(Or was until last week);
I plot the country's downfall,
And know whereof I speak.

The wind that shakes the barley,
The germ that rots the bone,
All natural disasters
Are my design alone.

If I could shun the union
And break my hoops of steel,
I'd learn to love my masters
And kiss the iron heel.

If I were patriotic
And less consumed with greed,
I wouldn't put my children
Before the City's need.

I'd never go to Ascot
Or wallow in champagne,
If I were less besotted
With self-inflicted pain.

But now I've seen my folly,
I shall repair the wrong
By building here in Britain
The heaven of Hong Kong.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Martin Amis

More Bones

The Return of Eva Peron, with The Killings in Trinidad by V. S. NAIPAUL *Deutsch* £5.95

While planning the murder of Gale Ann Benson, Michael X also found time to start work on a novel. The narrator is a 30-year-old Englishwoman called Lena Boyd-Richardson, but the hero, or the star, is Michael X himself. At the outset, Lena is of the opinion that 'these natives are all shifless good for Nothings'. Then she encounters the enigmatic Michael. She becomes strangely drawn to this strange man ('something about him drawing you to him'); she sees him 'leaning against the Coconut tree like some statue on a Pedestal, some god'; there is talk of 'the fantastic following he had in the country'; she hears shouts in the street — 'We go crown him king.' One day Lena visits the strange man at his imposing house. He plays her the 'Thihikosky 1812' and she admires his 'gigantic bookshelf':

> I discover that he not only have the books but actually reads and understands them I was absolutly bowld, litteraly. I took a seat, and gazed upon this marvel, Mike.

Michael X's illiterate fragment was clearly a gift for V. S. Naipaul — and not just for his journalism. 'The Killings in Trinidad' was written in 1973. Naipaul then came home and reworked the whole story, as fiction. In *Guerrillas* (1975), Jimmy Ahmed, the black-power hustler, is writing a novel, or a fantasy; he is the hero, but it is the spellbound white girl, Clarissa, who narrates:

> This man fills my whole mind to the exclusion of all other trivial concerns ... a woman of my class can see what he really is ...

In the novel, Naipaul's novel, Jimmy murders his 'Clarissa', just as in Michael's novel Mike would no doubt have been obliged to murder Lena Boyd-Richardson. And in the real world, glimpsed through these phantom projections, Michael X really did murder Gale Benson.

The story is brilliantly told by V. S. Naipaul. After his period of celebrity in England, Michael X formed a commune in Trinidad. An ex-pimp and hoodlum, flattered by British journalists, pop-stars and rich kids, Michael X was waiting to lead a revolution that would never come. His head was full of dangerous junk — jargon and self-love. Gale Benson just happened to be in the wrong place at the wrong time. She was a middle-class dropout, a guerrilla groupie, the adoring mistress of one of Michael's lieutenants. The murder was motiveless but not meaningless. Michael's 'novel', with its flopped aspirations, its shamed yearning for inclusion in the white world, tells us all we need to know — certainly far more than Michael X could ever have consciously articulated. The novel is the key to the girl's death, as Naipaul quickly sensed: 'This was a literary murder, if ever there was one.'

Michael X had something like an anti-talent for fiction: coarse, self-serving and, above all, pitiably transparent. 'But when he transferred his fantasy to real life,' as Naipaul says, 'he went to work like the kind of novelist he would have liked to be. Such plotting, such symbolism!' Michael and his men loosened up for the deed by killing a calf and drinking its blood. They spoke of the necessity of spilling the girl's heartblood; Michael 'wanted the heart'. The girl struggled in the ditch as Michael's men clumsily hacked at her; then the death-blow was administered, in the throat, by Steve Yeates, Supreme Captain of the fruit of Islam, Lieutenant Colonel of Michael X's Black Liberation Army. The girl's body was buried in manure. The men cleansed themselves in the river, lighting a pyre on the bank ... Within a few weeks, Michael's commune had fallen apart. There was another pointless murder, a drowning, a fire — then Michael cut out for Guyana, on the run. He was hanged at the Royal Jail in Port of Spain, in May 1975.

Trinidad looms over the story of Michael X. It is as if his dissolution is no more than a theatrical reply to the nullity and abandoned squalor in which Naipaul grimly locates him. In the fiction of Shiva Naipaul, Trinidad is reimagined as a Dickensian hinterland of comedy, pathos and ebullient caricature; but Vidya, the elder brother, sees only the pervasive terrors of political breakdown and economic rot. 'Black carrion corbeaux guard the entrance to Port of Spain ...' In his peripatetic journalism, V. S. Naipaul is turning into the prose-poet of the earth's destitute; he is also becoming world-weary — or Third World-weary, anyway. Perhaps this is the condition of the exile: compelled to travel, condemned to find nothing new.

> It was a good place for getting lost in ... after years, it defined itself into a jumble of clearings separated by stretches of the unknown, through which the narrowest of paths had been cut.

Where is this? Trinidad? Uganda? Borneo? No. It is Naipaul's description, written in 1964, of his first visit to London as a young man.

'The Return of Eva Peron' — the other major piece in the present book — takes Naipaul to Argentina and Uruguay. His method of assimilating a place is by now familiar. He begins with a passionately tendentious run-through of the country's recent history, in a style that could be regarded as the demonic opposite of a *Look at Life* documentary (in which, for example, a clotted refugee camp might be described as a hardy work-force crying out to be tapped). A century ago the Argentines, marooned Spaniards and Italians, sought out and annihilated the native Indians. They built 'vast *estancias* on the stolen, bloody land'. Within a few pages Naipaul has casually referred to 'the desolate land', 'the alien land', 'the blighted land'. The scene is set, and so is the mood. With Naipaul, they are more or less the same thing.

Naipaul then goes on to produce a gloomy cacophony of local voices: 'the film-maker says', 'the publisher-bookseller says', 'the ambassador's wife says', 'the provincial businessman says'. What they say is always elegiac, paranoid, discordant. Next, Naipaul settles the hash of whatever indigenous culture happens to be on offer. This being Argentina, he has a bigger fish to fry than usual, in the person of Jorge Luis Borges; but he settles down to the task, allotting Borges a chapter of his own, 'Borges and the Bogus Past'. 'For the contemplation of his country's history Borges substitutes ancestor worship,' and so on. Naipaul's own fiction has been denounced (by George Lamming and others) for its socio-political shortcomings, and it is puzzling to watch him haul Borges through the same old hoops. I have never valued Borges as a pundit on Argentina's problems, nor seen him as much of a contemplator of its history. But of course he does do these things, inevitably, as all artists do. Stories like 'The Lottery in Babylon' and 'The Library of Babel' could be read as intensely vivid reflections of Argentine inertia, sterile frenzy and wasted *espiritismo*. Naipaul's sympathy and responsiveness, however, are held firmly in check, and Borges is duly pressed into his vision of degeneracy

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and decline. 'And Borges is Argentina's greatest man.' In other words — is that the best they can do?

Finally, and most memorably, Naipaul prowls out to mingle with the people, his senses on hire. We see him sighing and suffering in airports, walking among ruins, disaffectedly lending his presence at strained dinner-parties, sparring with bureaucrats, inspecting street scenes, monuments, hotel rooms — always on the lookout for mimicry, falsity, any pretence at civilisation. He is isolated, alone with his preoccupations, which tend to be sexual, scatological and demonic. Naipaul mingles with the braying *machos* who parade the streets of Buenos Aires: 'Money makes the macho. Machismo requires, and imposes, a widespread amateur prostitution; it is a society spewing on itself.' In the short piece on Zaire which follows, Naipaul watches two old men in Kinshasa strolling out with their teenage whores: 'Old men: their last chance to feed on such young blood.' By this stage Naipaul is ready to label the country, or the continent, with the kind of sonorous abstraction (preferably alliterative) that his readers have come to expect: 'the Indian emptiness', 'the Argentine sterility and waste', 'the South American nightmare', 'the nihilism of Africa', 'the abjectness of Africa'.

Naipaul's best book about the Third World is *An Area of Darkness*. It is likely to remain his best book about the Third World. Written in the early Sixties, it has a dimension of human richness absent from his later travel writing. That dimension has to do with Naipaul's historical ties with India, naturally, but it is more a question of the unhardened traveller confronting his own neuroses. 'I was longing for greater and greater decay, more rags and filth, more bones.' By the time he returned in 1975/6 to write *India: A Wounded Civilisation* his style had hardened, had become public and 'responsible'. Such a narrowing of focus was perhaps a necessary form of self-protection. Naipaul has seen enough bones by now.

The new book ends with a short piece on Conrad — 'Conrad's Darkness', as opposed to Naipaul's. It records a personal journey and a personal debt:

> But in the new world I felt that ground move below me. The new politics, the curious reliance of men on institutions they were yet working to undermine, the simplicity of beliefs and the hideous simplicity of actions, the corruption of causes, half-made societies that seemed doomed to remain half-made: these were the things that began to preoccupy me.

The 'political panic' which possessed the young Naipaul has not gone away. It has been assimilated into a stance, a rhetorical attitude. He writes about peoples as if they were people — patients on the psychiatrist's couch, with their 'hysteria', 'frenzy', 'withdrawal symptoms' and 'spiritual distress'. But the stance is punitively moral — and, of course, intensely literary. There is a fashionable temptation to see history as a process of helplessness, of blind movement. Naipaul does not submit to this. He thinks that everyone has choices to make, even if they haven't made them yet, and probably never will.

We omitted to mention last week that Government *and* The White Rose *by B. Traven are also published in paperback by Allison & Busby at £2.50 each.*

Charles Glass

Gagged

Decent Interval: The American Debacle in Vietnam and the Fall of Saigon by FRANK SNEPP *Allen Lane* £8.95 & *Penguin* £2.95

On 30 June 1971, the day the United States Supreme Court upheld the right of the *New York Times* and *Washington Post* to publish the Pentagon Papers, CIA Vietnam analyst Frank Snepp was visiting Bangkok. When he read the news in the local press, he believed that Daniel Ellsberg had betrayed the American cause in Vietnam by releasing the papers. 'I was shocked that Ellsberg had leaked the material,' Snepp recalled recently. 'I was the outraged bureaucrat.' Nine years later, the Court has reversed its Pentagon Papers decision, abridged its First Amendment guarantees, mollified the outrage of CIA bureaucrats everywhere and deprived Frank Snepp of his livelihood.

In *US vs Snepp* on 19 February 1980, the Court decided that Snepp had violated his obligation as a CIA employee in publishing *Decent Interval* without having submitted his manuscript for CIA approval — despite the fact that the book contains *no* classified material and that, according to the dissenting opinion of Justice John Paul Stevens, the CIA censors 'would have been obliged to clear the book for publication in precisely the same form as it now stands'. The Court ruled that Snepp must forfeit all author's royalties and will face criminal contempt charges if he seeks to publish without CIA approval any other book or article even remotely based on his CIA experiences.

When James Fenton reviewed the first, American, edition of *Decent Interval* in these pages (NS 14 July 1978), he wrote of Snepp: 'He is not disloyal. On the contrary, he remains an upright citizen, with a loyalty to his past colleagues and profession.' Although Snepp remains just as loyal today (he told me recently, 'I think the worst thing that could happen is the dismantling of the CIA'), the CIA has pursued him through the courts with a vengeance for the past two years.

Snepp's fault, despite his acceptance of the CIA version of events prior to his arrival in Vietnam, lies in his honest and sensitive account of what he saw and heard in the final months of the war. He acknowledges ARVN brutality, CIA torture and assassination and American manipulation of the Vietnamese. His concern is to explain how the CIA failed both to alert the US government of impending disaster and to rescue its own Vietnamese employees. He reserves harsh criticism for Ambassador Graham Martin, CIA Station Chief Tom Polgar and Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, all of whom ignored their own intelligence. Snepp had originally intended to write an internal analysis for the CIA to learn from its mistakes, but he was ignored by an agency which, like its government, was busy trying to forget Vietnam had ever existed. The State Department and CIA in true Joseph Heller fashion awarded medals and top diplomatic posts to their most conspicuous failures, and Snepp resigned to tell his tale to the world.

'The book accomplished absolutely nothing that I wanted it to,' Snepp lamented. 'I had hoped the agency would respond to the criticisms.'

Snepp had the misfortune to publish the American edition in 1978 just as CIA director Stansfield Turner was about to fire 800 agents as part of a major clean-up. He feared that if he did not act against Snepp, he might find 800 CIA manuscripts in print. CIA censorship has until now been selective: it did not attempt to review books by former CIA director Allen Dulles (*The Craft of Intelligence*, 1964), former CIA operative Miles Copeland (*The Game of Nations*, 1969), former CIA deputy director Ray S. Cline (*Secrets, Spies and Scholars*, 1976), and former CIA agent Douglas Blaufarb (*The Counter-Insurgency Era*, 1977). William Colby, CIA director at the time of the fall of Saigon, submitted his book *Honorable Men* to the agency for review, but the French edition somehow escaped CIA censorship and classified information on the Glomar Explorer was revealed for the first time. Colby was not prosecuted.

Prosecution to date has been reserved for Victor Marchetti (*The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence*, 1972), Snepp, and now, under the terms of the Snepp decision, Philip Agee (*Dirty Works*, 1979) and John Stockwell (*In Search of Enemies*, 1978). Marchetti, Snepp, Stockwell and Agee are all critical of their former employer, while Dulles, Cline & co. have published obsequious testimonials to the excellence of the agency. That would appear to be the determining factor in deciding which former agents to prosecute.

It may be difficult for British readers, who have long lived with an Official Secrets Act, to appreciate that in the entire history of the American republic no newspaper or book publisher had ever been subjected to prior restraint before 1971 — when for a few days the Pentagon Papers were under injunction while the Supreme Court heard the case. Marchetti's book a year later was the first in US history to have been censored officially and to have appeared with deletions, 168 in all. The Supreme Court has taken its decision in the Marchetti case one step further in *US vs Snepp* to allow the CIA to censor *unclassified* material.

Snepp's punishment is unique in American jurisprudence in that all profits from his book have been confiscated (he is not accused of having violated any law) and he is under a permanent gag order. Any manuscript he writes or speech he prepares must be submitted first to the CIA or he will be in criminal contempt of court and liable to go to prison. He has written a novel (about the Kennedy assassination) and a non-fiction account of his court battle with the CIA, both of which the agency has a right to censor. He has been approached by *The Nation* to become a resident consultant, but he has been advised that any article he helps to prepare would be subject to CIA review. Snepp, who feels no kinship to anti-CIA former agents like Agee and Stockwell, has become the American equivalent of a South African 'banned person'. Agee, Stockwell and any other government employee who reveals information without prior government review (as well as journalists and publishers who collaborate with them, who would be liable to forfeit their profits) may now be subject to the same fate.

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Patricia Hewitt

Rights

A Bill of Rights? (2nd edition) by MICHAEL ZANDER *Barry Rose* £2.70
The Human Rights Handbook by MARGUERITE GARLING *Macmillan Press* £12

Although the first proposal for a new Bill of Rights was made 12 years ago in Anthony Lester's Fabian pamphlet, it was not until 1974 that it became a headline issue — with Lord Scarman's plea for constitutional restraints on a 'frightened and prejudiced' Parliament. Michael Zander — himself one of those responsible for the Labour Party discussion document on the issue in 1976 — provides a useful account of the pamphlets, official reports, debates, Private Members' Bills, speeches and articles which the subject has attracted, taking us to the end of 1978 when the House of Lords by a small majority voted for a Bill of Rights based on the European Human Rights Convention. At the end of last year, Lord Wade (one of the Liberals who have consistently pressed the matter for over a decade) won a Lords majority for his Bill of Rights — but has no prospect of seeing it similarly supported in the Commons.

Professor Zander's pamphlet is mainly concerned with the arguments for and against these various proposals. In particular, he tackles the fear of many opponents that a Bill of Rights would simply allow reactionary judges to uphold repressive legislation or unjust decisions. There is no shortage of judicial decisions to colour such fears — for instance, the House of Lords' rulings on conspiracy to corrupt public morals, conspiracy to trespass and contempt of court — but Professor Zander also presents evidence which puts the judiciary in a more favourable light, such as their part in opposing the Criminal Law Revision Committee's 1972 proposal to abolish the right to silence.

He is less helpful, however, in dealing with the risk that the judiciary would use a Bill of Rights to strike down a future Labour Government's legislation. The European Human Rights Convention provides, for instance, that 'no-one shall be deprived of his possessions except in the public interest ...' Although Professor Zander says that 'there is ample protection for a government concerned to nationalise industries', he does not consider whether judges who have rewritten picketing laws would not also be tempted to reject nationalisation laws as contrary to 'the public interest'.

Much depends on the form which a Bill of Rights takes. Professor Zander (like all supporters of a Bill of Rights, except, on occasion, Lord Scarman) favours a model which does not challenge Parliamentary sovereignty. The courts would be directed to over-rule legislation which could not be interpreted in accordance with the Bill of Rights — unless the Act of Parliament specifically stated that it was intended to operate notwithstanding those provisions.

But even this model has problems. If the courts took a narrow view — refusing, for instance, to rule that the exclusion order power of the Prevention of Terrorism Act was contrary to the Bill of Rights — then the main effect of making the European Human Rights Convention part of British law would simply be to delay even longer the complainant's access to the Human Rights Commission in Strasbourg. If, on another occasion, the courts decided on a more aggressive role, striking down nationalisation legislation (as the US Supreme Court struck down New Deal laws in the 1930s), the Government would still have the option of re-introducing its legislation with a clause specifically excluding the Bill of Rights. But what a propaganda victory for the opposition and the press!

In his conclusion, Professor Zander refers wistfully to the fact that 'the debate has not captured the public imagination'. It is all the more puzzling, therefore, that he omits any discussion of the one part of the United Kingdom where there is a popular campaign for a Bill of Rights. He refers approvingly to the report of the Standing Advisory Commission on Human Rights in Northern Ireland, but of the decade-long demand for a Bill of Rights which led up to that document, there is no mention.

The result is not only an unfortunate gap in Professor Zander's analysis of the prospects for a new Bill of Rights, but the omission of any consideration of one of the most important issues raised by his proposals — what effect, if any, a Bill of Rights would have on the protection of human rights during an emergency. As long as Parliament remains sovereign, there is nothing to prevent it from legislating in defiance of the Bill of Rights, and, therefore, nothing to prevent Parliament from re-enacting emergency powers in whatever form it, or the Government of the day, wished.

Both the Northern Ireland Civil Rights Association and the Ulster Citizens Civil Liberties Advice Centre have published detailed proposals for a Bill of Rights (not mentioned in Professor Zander's 'guide to the entire literature'). The former permits no breach of its standards during an emergency; the latter, although accepting much of the present emergency powers, would provide a number of new safeguards. But their demands would not be met by a Bill of Rights, based on the European Human Rights Convention, which — as it must — preserves Parliamentary sovereignty. Assuming that Parliament continues to re-enact the Emergency Provisions Act, a 'Bill of Rights' would not end the power to intern (dormant, but not dead, for over four years), would not restore the right to jury trial, would not end compulsory prison clothing and work, and would not change the rules on confession evidence. Incorporating the Convention would bring Northern Ireland into line with England and Wales on homosexuality law. But the 'hard' human rights issues will be solved by determined political campaigning, not by the shortcut of incorporating the Convention.

It is a pity that Professor Zander's pamphlet largely ignores these questions. Nor does he make it clear that a Bill of Rights in the form favoured by the House of Lords Select Committee and Lord Wade would be virtually useless. That Bill, like Zander's proposal, gives the courts the power to over-rule *previous* legislation if it cannot be interpreted in line with the Bill of Rights. But in the case of legislation passed *after* Lord Wade's Bill of Rights, the courts would only be able to interpret the legislation accordingly: laws which could not be interpreted satisfactorily would simply stand anyway. The result is curious. Let us imagine that Lord Wade's 'Bill of Rights' had been in effect at the beginning of this year. Along come the Government's new Immigration Rules, clearly in breach of the Human Rights Convention. But under the 'Bill of Rights', the courts are impotent: unable to interpret the Rules to make them conform to the principles of non-discrimination and protection of family life, and unable to over-rule them. Such a Bill of Rights would undoubtedly raise far more expectations than it could possibly fulfil.

The Human Rights Handbook is based on a very different definition of 'human rights'; human rights are what happen abroad, 'civil liberties' are the same issues at home. Within the limits of this terminology, the *Handbook* is an invaluable guide to official and voluntary bodies working in the United Kingdom and the USA to protect other people's human rights. In addition to a brief history and description of nearly 250 organisations, Ms Garling gives us an illuminating overview of key human rights problems, which I found particularly revealing in its summary of official British hostility towards refugees. A new edition is promised, with an expanded section on the USA; but even in its present form, the *Handbook* is an invaluable tool for activists as well as those needing their help.

'HISTORY OF THE INTERNATIONAL'

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A dissident's memoir of detention
in the most notorious of
Soviet psychiatric hospitals

Peter Reddaway:

"His quiet wit & lightness of touch, the natural honesty with which he reveals his personal weaknesses, give unusual force to his occasional moral judgements ... He writes in the tradition of Chekhov" (*N.Y. Rev. of Books*)

STOP PRESS!

Two weeks ago Nekipelov, a member of the 'Helsinki' group, was sentenced again — to 7 years in a labour camp & 5 years internal exile for 'anti-Soviet agitation & propaganda'

GOLLANCZ

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The Dyer's Hand

MICHAEL KUSTOW describes rehearsals for the coming performance of a full cycle of Shakespeare's Sonnets

James Greene started it by telling me there was a man in Highgate — a psychoanalyst in his sixties — who had cracked the problems of the Sonnets. I met John Padel in his rambling Victorian mansion, listened (with a slight glazing of the mind) to his initially complex explanations, read the Sonnets out loud with him in his re-ordered sequence, re-listened with alerted interest to his account of their genesis, persuaded him to let me submit them in their reconstructed running-order to the test of theatrical performance.

Might not these poems, with their incessant body-imagery — *eye, heart,* and that useful Elizabethan term for lust and genitalia, *will* — become most potent theatre, especially if we could give flesh and blood to the plot of the poem-sequence, the progression of the relationship it evokes? Most of the Sonnets speak from an *I* to a *you* or *thee;* an actor embodying in his changing attitudes and intentions the unseen interlocutor and recipient of the Sonnets might restore the drama everyone glimpses behind them and rescue the greatest and most famous from the impersonal monumental reverence, as if chiselled in stone, in which even the prodigious Gielgud has embalmed them? No-one could equal his vocal stonemasonry, but there might be more troubling, time-bound, creaturely truths in them to be expressed.

Simon Callow is long-jowled, Afro-haired, and powerfully, if a shade stockily, built. His fierce eyes and voice, mercurial intelligence and intellectual curiosity combine to give him magnetism, presence, even a defiant beauty. As we get deeper into the emotional undergrowth of the Sonnets, Simon and I share and compare notes on our respective love-lives for reference-points. He rapidly identifies with the poet's urge to idealise and beautify the beloved, abasing oneself as 'harsh, featureless and rude'; I feel for the pangs of despised love and the aggressiveness of the wronged lover's self-righteous sarcasm.

Our improvisatory method yields this formulation: 'It's as if, like an actor or a dramatist, Shakespeare imagined himself into situations, created imaginary relationships with others; became involved with his creation, even perhaps to the extent of making situations in life which echoed what he had invented; and then fed back that real-life experience into these poems.' Diderot spoke of the *dedoublement* of the actor, how he gets swept up in his fiction yet remains himself; we sense something analogous in Shakespeare as writer. He put it best of all, even pinpointing the sense of harlotry, of stain, in his profession: 'And almost thence my nature is subdued/To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.'

We decide to suspend whatever disbelief we may have about John Padel's findings and see if the Sonnets as he's elucidated and rearranged them come alive. We accept, as if it were fact, that Shakespeare was commissioned by Lady Mary Herbert in April 1597 to write sonnets urging her 17-year-old son William Herbert to marry and procreate before his ailing father, the Earl of Pembroke, died. If he were to die with his son still a minor and unmarried, the family estate would be handed over to a possibly unscrupulous guardian. Shakespeare performed his commission beyond the call of duty, for he soon discovered that he had powerful feelings, amounting almost to adoration, for W.H. Once his imagination was ignited, he had to follow its call, and this led him to blur the boundaries between life and art. The result, in the summer of 1598, was that Shakespeare was betrayed sexually by W.H. and his own mistress, just as he had prefigured in an earlier set of sonnets addressed to a passionate and bewitching woman.

Thus the core of the drama behind the Sonnets is a perilous playing with art and real life, in which Shakespeare's wish to serve his aristocratic patron and carry out her wishes, his strong feelings for her son, and the dramatic imperatives of his imagination are all intertwined. In August and September 1598 a second betrayal occurred: W.H. surrounded himself with rival poets and made Shakespeare feel belittled and outmoded. Shakespeare reasserted his sense of personal and artistic worth, and bid farewell to the young aristocrat who had colonised his imagination. Finally, as a prolonged postscript, he addressed a group of sonnets to W.H. each April for the following eight years, like a camera gradually tracking back from its subject.

This reading, buttressed by internal literary evidence and ascertained historical fact, accords well with two of the most incisive intuitions about the Sonnets, both by poets: Auden's claim that Shakespeare must have experienced the Vision of Eros and that the Sonnets tell 'the story of an agonised struggle by Shakespeare to preserve the glory of a vision he had been granted in a relationship ... with a person who seemed intent by his actions upon covering the vision with dirt'; and Empson's reminder that 'poets tend to make in their lives a situation they have already written about.'

John Padel is reticent about imposing psychoanalytical explanations, refuses to see deep meanings in the teasing lines about 'the master-mistress of my passion', but thinks that the most likely source of the sonnets' intensity was a pair-transference, to both W.H. and his mother. She was 35 to Shakespeare's 33; such a hypothesis would certainly account for the riddling ambiguity of much of the sexual and family imagery, and for the intricate and oblique ways Shakespeare found to perform his commission. It floats through lines like 'Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee/Calls back the lovely April of her prime.'

John Padel also reminds us that Shakespeare's 11-year-old only son Hamnet had died just eight months before he met W.H., and that his grief at this loss may have rendered him the more defenceless when he lost this other young man to his lascivious mistress. 'Even so my sun one early morn did shine/With all triumphant splendour on my brow/But out alack he was but one hour mine' is a plangent cry that seems to link both losses. The notorious 'Dark Lady' sonnets, whose jocular or almost melodramatic tone differs so sharply from the main body of the poems, Padel considers as a poetic *exemplum,* the equivalent of a play-within-a-play, in which Shakespeare sets out to demonstrate to the still obstinately unmarried W.H. the phases of obsessive love for a spellbinding but wounding woman. The dramatist in Shakespeare takes over and pushes the diagrammatic demonstration to an impassioned climax by having the imaginary mistress seduce the invented friend — prophetically, as it turned out.

The parallel of Hamlet using the play-within-a-play as a mousetrap to catch the King irresistibly suggests itself. And 'acting out' is the term for one of the most slippery moments of any psychoanalysis, Freud's 'talking cure' for which Polonius's words still provide a succinct definition: 'by indirections find directions out.'

Iambic pentameters are hypnotic. Stepping into the National Theatre canteen for a coffee-break and hearing people talk prose is like moving into another planet, and after four hours' daily rehearsal neither of us can sleep at night for the iambic pulse in our heads, the wave-lift of line-endings.

As he would for a character in a play, Simon is gradually weaving these threads, using aspects of his own emotions to project himself into the poems, then letting their temperature and expression be moulded by the form. From this friction facets of a character surface: the gleeful exhibitionism of a virtuoso writer-performer; a tender and punctilious coquetry; bruised pain, heroic rage, teasing cleverness, and something beyond definition but which can be felt: nakedness of heart.

> Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
> Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read,
> And tongues to be your being shall rehearse,
> When all the breathers of this world are dead

Shakespeare's Sonnets will be performed on 9 July at 2.30pm at the National Theatre.

Christopher Reid

A Metaphysical Outrage

Enter a beaming moon-head.
The body follows,

a miniature shuffling tide;
an afterthought, like the trailed

tail of a capital Q
in some dab hand's florid

and sentimental script.
Eyes on the baby

read her, read her for new signs,
as though this meagre tadpole-meteor,

so fervently hurtling
across our sitting-room floor,

might tell us the secrets
we yearn to take account of.

But what can a single
errant letter spell?

Presuming to snatch
a heavenly entity

from its highway,
I find it a mundane planet, rowdy

with tempests, floods and unwelcoming
quakes

a furious, opaque vowel.

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John Lucas

Carver's Table

Other People's Worlds by WILLIAM TREVOR *Bodley Head* £5.95

The Boarding House by WILLIAM TREVOR (re-issue) *Bodley Head* £5.95

William Trevor is an extremely accomplished writer, and *Other People's Worlds* is as accomplished as anything he's so far written. Trevor has the professional's knack of allowing key moments to make their effect without help of underlining. The villain-hero of his new novel, Francis Tyte, is a bit-part actor, full-time liar and fantasist who makes trouble for all the women he fastens and fattens on, without himself being troubled by anything more than rage that they're occasionally ungrateful to and unworthy of him. He has an illegitimate daughter by a shop assistant, Doris, and Trevor contrasts the drab meanness of their lives with that of Francis's. One scene ends with Doris spooning out tinned ravioli for her daughter before she notices that Joy is comatose with drugs. (She's been put on to them at her school, Tite Street Comprehensive.) The next scene begins: 'In the Rembrandt Hotel, in the restaurant called the Carver's Table, Francis ate roast beef, and drank half a bottle of last year's beaujolais.'

Obvious enough, perhaps. Nothing interferes with Francis's appetites. He's about to be married to a well-to-do middle-aged widow, Julia Ferndale, whom he'll desert on their honeymoon. Much later in the novel Julia finds herself with the responsibility of trying to help Doris and Joy. She goes to stay in the Rembrandt Hotel. 'In the restaurant called the Carver's Table she tried to eat roast beef but found she could not.' It's part of Trevor's accomplishment that he resists drawing attention to the echo.

Much of the novel's artful construction depends on echo, parallel, contrast. Which is perhaps not surprising, since *Other People's Worlds* is about the distinctions that have to be made between various realities and the illusion out of which Francis in particular builds his life. 'Make-belief is all we have,' he remarks at one point, and he's the complete artificer, acting out the various parts he's assigned himself. (He always wears make-up.) He may remind us of the sad fantasist of Elizabeth Taylor's subtle *A Wreath of Roses*, but his flawless egotism is very much Trevor's invention.

The novel is fascinating when it's concerned with the intense egotism of acting. There's a particularly fine scene that deals with the rehearsal for a TV dramatisation of the famous case of Constance Kent, the Victorian supposed child murderer, in which Francis has a small part. Trevor brilliantly allows us to become involved in the pathos of Constance's history as it's presented in the play, before suggesting that this is art, and maybe not good art at that. There's a further twist. Francis himself steals things and tells lies. He also commits murder — in his imagination. For he fantasises about brutally killing his ex-mistress, a dressmaker, whom he has told Doris is his invalid wife and the reason why he and Doris can't marry. Very late in the novel Doris does kill her. Ordinary people can do extraordinary, terrible things.

Francis is certainly not extraordinary. Like all egotists, he's utterly banal. That's why he does such harm to other people. For him they simply aren't real. He has endless imagination but no imaginativeness. When he tells Doris about Constance Kent he sentimentalises her so that she becomes like his version of himself: 'All her life she'd been let down; other people had destroyed her.' At the heart of his imaginings is a soppy/sentimental dream in which he and a friend set up house together, now in an English village, later in a German city.

> He would learn the language. His friend would teach him German cooking. His friend might be a girl young as [the actress], a boy or an older man, a sympathetic woman. It never mattered.

The first half of *Other People's Worlds* is very fine indeed. But as soon as Francis is out of the way matters begin to go wrong. The problem is the handling of Julia and Doris, who now take over. As the re-publication of *The Boarding House* reminds us, Trevor began as something of a *pasticheur*. The tone and style of *The Boarding House* recall both Patrick Hamilton's remarkable *The Slaves of Solitude* and early Angus Wilson; and there's something deeply fictional and conventional about the women of *Other People's Lives*. Doris, in particular, suffers from this. With her genteel cockneyisms, her dream of married life with Frankie, her belief in silver linings in that cloudy sky, she belongs in an entirely fictional world, one that can be traced through *The Wrong Set*, say, all the way back to Forster's Jackie Bast.

The problem with Julia is rather different. Sometime after Francis's desertion of her, she notes in her diary: 'I have lived too long among flower beds . . . I have borne two children and seen a husband die. I pray to my childhood God, yet in this pretty town my life has been less real than other people's.' Well, yes, but this revelation is meant to carry more conviction than it can. I don't see why we should be greatly interested in her sudden awareness of the real horrors of the world. Recalling a newspaper account of missionaries and their children being clubbed to death in Africa, she becomes reluctantly but increasingly involved in other people's worlds. This is the territory of much of the best of Stanley Middleton's fiction, and by the end of Trevor's novel we are asked to believe that Julia has become A Serious Woman. But to put it that way is to imply that something has gone wrong. And the fact is that the sufferings of others seem to be there for *her* sake, to show the acuteness of *her* feelings. The child 'was there in the garden and the house, while time went on and the seasons unfussily changed'. Joy's tragedy is somehow supposed to be more real now that it's Julia's as well. It's a bad mistake, and it indicates the way in which a pastiche of middle-class angst has taken over from that altogether more chilling and original fiction which lasts while Francis Tyte is at its centre.

Among this week's contributors:

MARTIN AMIS is the author of *The Rachel Papers*, *Dead Babies* and *Success*.

MICHAEL KUSTOW is associate director of the National Theatre.

ADRIAN FORTY lectures in history of architecture at University College, London.

PATRICIA HEWITT is director of the National Council for Civil Liberties.

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Andrew Motion

Running on the Spot

Death Valley by ALAN ROSS *London Magazine Editions* £4.50 & £3
Selected Poems by PATRICIA BEER *Hutchinson* £5.95
Over The Wall by ANDREW WATERMAN *Carcanet* £2.95
Seeing The World by DICK DAVIS *Anvil* £2.75

Towards the end of his autobiographical essay 'A Stranger's Child' (published in the *New Review* Vol.4, No. 47) Alan Ross says that 'Growing up and living a life seem merely a process of learning the meaning of one's places of origin, of where one belongs and of where one has to go'. That 'merely' disguises a multitude of difficulties. For the young Ross home was either in India with his mother and father or in England with foster parents — and as a reaction to this division of loyalties he cultivated a pleasure in isolation. On the evidence of his new collection, *Death Valley,* he's maintained it ever since. The book contains a long loosely-connected sequence of poems which were 'begun or written during a series of journeys through the United States between 1970 and 1976'. His aim is to create 'a kind of travel book' and in one sense, at least, he succeeds. Scene follows scene, figures appear and vanish — but the result is invariably to emphasise Ross's internal statis. He travels tirelessly towards new places but doesn't arrive at new states of mind. Even the references to his relationship with a female fellow-traveller find him labouring under a sense of exclusion. It makes for a pretty unvarying read, but the cumulative effect is impressive: continually watchful and thwarted.

Ross's view of himself as an outsider doesn't only determine his chances of finding somewhere to belong. It also influences his judgment of the likely audience for his poems. To put it bluntly: on the evidence of his rather uneasy shifts between different styles, he's not sure whether one exists or not. Sometimes he writes with the brevity of a diarist:

> Steam off the curve of the river
> And below surface an erratic shelling
> Of gold, expiry of smoke-rings.
>
> Small ripples like churned fishscales.

This kind of elegant terseness indicates confidence in the familiarity of its perceptions. In spite of its economy, it implies a society. At other times, though, Ross feels compelled to explain himself so expansively that he seems to suggest no one knows what he's talking about. Ponderousness registers isolation — in 'Golfers at Savannah', for instance:

> *Through long winters they go through*
> Imagining rituals, take warmth
> From playgrounds made legendary by Nicklaus
> And de Vicenzo, Palmer, Player,
> Trevino, on sleepless nights
> Study angles with navigators' eyes,
> Debate irons and woods, run through repertories.

When striving to retail his observations precisely, Ross repeatedly resorts to this catalogue style. And although the reasons for its use are understandable, its consequences are often counter-productive. Instead of conjuring up the unique character of a given place, his accumulations of detail make everywhere seem oddly similar. This isn't due to a shortage of sensitivity or discrimination, but to the repetitiveness of his methods. Town after town and landscape after landscape is broken down into fragments and taken away — leaving his 'self-sufficient/Alienness and vulnerability' intact.

As one might expect in a *Selected Poems,* Patricia Beer offers greater variety. Her book draws on five previous collections — the first published 21 years ago — as well as including some recent work. In the early days, she used a predictably large number of poeticisms and spent a good deal of time worrying about the comparative ease of her life. Her solution was a familiar one, to turn the absence of danger into a threat. In 'On the Cobb at Lyme Regis', for instance: 'this safety is different. I know/From my teachers what is impossible./I am in no danger, the sea cannot rise,/Which is the most frightening thing of all'.

By her third book, this guilty anxiety about living in a post-war, post-mythological world had undergone a transformation. And what it became has remained one of her greatest strengths, as well as the potential constrainer of her talent: a fascination with the curious and uncanny. On one hand it satisfied her wish to escape an entirely sanitised, predictable universe, and on the other it forced her to realise that she didn't want to live anywhere *too* unpredictable. Hence the usual tone of voice adopted in her middle years — she is an inexhaustible guide to oddities, but her unflappable rhythms and no-nonsense syntax tend to dissipate the mystery she seeks to preserve:

> This is a strange musuem. In one square yard see
> A mummified ibis and a postilion's boot.
> Grey litter fills the house. For years every dead Man
> Had some cast-off curious object to donate.

Beer's main difficulty, and her most considerable achievement, has been to alter and excite this manner. She admits to having been 'a child who dared not seem/Gloomy', but over the years she has become increasingly prepared to say what she feels. The fear of death and the lack of absolute religious security have proved more than a match for her instinct to explain and placate:

> I have not seen your writing
> For ages, nor have been fretting
> To see it. As once, darling.
>
> This letter will certainly be
> About some book, written by you or by me.
> You turned to other ghosts. So did I.
>
> It stopped raining long ago
> But drops caught up in the bough
> Fall murderously on me now.

As Patricia Beer gets sadder she gets more attentive to the world around her. As Andrew Waterman gets sadder he gets more irascible. *Over The Wall* is his third book and much his most disaffected. The past is soured (built on 'love's wrong foundation'), so is the present ('each new love is all past loves betrayed'), and the future looks set to provide continuing unhappiness. One would think such a view of experience must generate concern, and from time to time Waterman's accounts of domestic anxiety have an undeniable awkward force:

> *When raising of blinds lets brutal daylight in*
> on wider ravage, tinfoil scorched and scarred,
> food mashed on paper plates, ash, scatterings
> of glass, I say, 'We know where we are.'
> We can manage our clearing. Through to this terrain
> strange under our feet, that asks no name, is not
> to be betrayed. Now try my eyes again.

More often than not, however, Waterman forfeits our sympathy. Occasionally this is because his poems depend to a debilitating extent on the diction and cadence of other writers. At other times, it's because he is guilty of the very characteristics he attacks in his social and literary criticism. To take just one example: in 'The Antennae of the Race' he reviles 'The Hairy Scrotum School' of poets who 'write their lays up'. Since he does the same thing himself on a number of occasions, one's tempted to consider him an associate member.

Dick Davis has an almost complete deficiency of what Waterman has in excess. *Seeing The World,* like its predecessor *In The Distance,* is restrained, decorous and unwaveringly formal. So much so, in fact, that its emotional temperature only rarely rises above freezing. This isn't to say there's no feeling, but that the poems seal it behind their polished surfaces. And its remoteness is emphasised by the fact that his language is almost always stiffly archaic — as in this extract from an elegy for a friend:

> Years now since I have risen
> Resistless at your call
> And stretched my hand in greeting
> As if there loomed no wall
>
> Between the dead and living —
> As if I too might go
> Where darkness would redress
> Intolerable woe.

It's not difficult to see why Thom Gunn should think Davis is 'one of the best poets around', since they both have the same dry intellectual tone and delight in puzzling over metaphysical images. But until Davis can find some means of freeing his imagination and language, without relinquishing his fastidiousness, he's unlikely to realise his full potential.

MY LIFE

Sir Oswald Mosley

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Julian Barnes

Nappies are Out

Those of us with a little Swedish — or better still, a little Swedish neighbour — know that Bjorn's surname is actually pronounced Borey. And in the eyes of many this year he is beginning to live up to it. Touts are worried by his depressing effect on prices if he reaches the final again (on the other hand, they don't want him knocked out too soon — the semis are where they want him to lose); sports journalists are written out on the subject on how he spots, let alone swats, the ball with such cross eyes and King Kong shoulders; tennis amateurs are beginning to want a hero who plays the sort of patchy, excitable tennis they do themselves, only better; and lots of others simply guess that if no-one can beat him this year ('no-one' meaning either Connors, now over the initial hump of marriage, or McEnroe, oozing bullish ambition; they've given up on Vitas), then there's no logical reason why Borey shouldn't bore on until he's won ten Wimbledons on the trot.

This column hopes he does. No-one wants Viv Richards to stop smacking centuries, or Coe to start losing races, any more than they wanted Cruyff to forget how to swerve the ball like a snooker player. Perfection is so rare in sport that it seems pernicious to want it to lapse, or become old and overtaken by vigorous but less talented opposition. Time will do for Borg in the end; why jog its arm? In addition, this column applauds the Iceborg temperament, which is not, as it happens, natural, but painfully gained. When the Swedelet was starting out (using a double-handed grip out of necessity, because the adult-sized racquet was too heavy), he had a shocking temper and a mouth full of words with two dots over the Os. After one too many outbursts at age eleven ('I was crazy, a mad-man on the court'), he was suspended by his club and Ma Borey locked up his racquet in a cupboard for five months. Thereafter Bjorn resolved to be a good Borg, and has never lost his temper on court since. It makes you rather wish Mrs Nastase had locked up young Ilie's racquet for five months back in Bucharest. Or better still, gone the whole hog and locked up little Ilie with it.

Wimbledon 80 (all sensible channels) has been remarkably good-tempered so far. Nastase smiled his unshaven way to defeat looking like a resigned border-guard who didn't want to change his opponent's travellers' cheques, but just had to; Connors has developed the graces of a French diplomat, nodding and smiling while working out how to do for you next time; even McEnroe has come over all Mr Nice Guy, vowing good behaviour to David Vine and clowning rather woodenly. Umpires, too, are contributing by learning at last where to stress Navratilova, so as not to upset the frowning Czech. The most probable candidate for auto-incendiarism has been Peter Fleming — he of the 'Fuck you, asshole' at the last Braniff World Doubles — who, in commentatorial argot, 'burns a short fuse'.

The ex-nasties have been channelling their aggro into humour instead. This is always a bad idea — at least, as far as the humour goes. Tennis has about as much intrinsic mirth as music: the appeal to God when a top-spin lob sails over your head, the 'pretending to be unconscious' when you fall over, the offer of the racquet to a ballboy after a mis-hit, are all about as wearying and predictable as those awful moments in pastoral music when the woodwind starts parodying bird-calls.

Apart from the introduction of the electronic line machine (which causes much more irritation to the players than the customary astigmatic dozer on a chair: ask Tom Okker), *Wimbledon 80* has also been the year of the Decline of the Frilly Knicker. Why anyone thought it a good idea in the first place for women tennis players to wear what look like ruched plastic overnappies was always beyond me; the more so since the BBC has taken strongly in the last couple of years to using an up-the-knickers camera placed behind the baseline (it's supposed to give you a receiver's eye view of matters, but since it's at the wrong height and doesn't move it can only be there for peeping purposes). Besides, with the girl competitors getting younger every year, the Plastic Nappy look was becoming decidedly ambiguous. On Day One, however, Tracy Austin officially signalled the death of the Nappy by wearing a symbolic pair of *black* frillies. Thereafter, the girls adopted a new sort of knicker which appears to have a pocket in it for the spare service ball: after an opening fault, they now dig beneath their skirts like a magician digging for eggs in somebody's ear.

The only other sartorial innovation this year has been Barazzutti's headband, a multi-coloured Italian affair which looked as if it had been snaffled from the thigh of one of Casanova's mistresses. Those little transfers of butterflies and strawberries, which the girls wore last year on the upper bicep (and which looked from a distance like the sort of vaccination mark you might end up with if you went to a tattooist by mistake) have gone. Also gone is that bit of knee-lagging, left over from doing the hot tank, which Miss Stove has worn for the past several years. Andrea Jaeger appeared wearing braces. On her teeth, that is. This 15-year-old prodigette wears her hair in enormous waist-length bunches down her front (a few more months' growing and she'll be able to tuck it into her knicker pockets). To Dan Maskell and Ann Jones she exemplifies the democratic spirit of tennis — her father was a professional boxer turned discotheque-owner, which couldn't be further from the home life of our own church-ridden Virginia. Put less kindly, Andrea looks a dead ringer for the girl psychopath in *The Bad Seed*, and undid by her petulant manners what she had earned by her resilient play; in the course of eliminating Miss Wade she stamped a bumblebee to death (risky, after the recent court decision about the goldfish), smashed her racquet into the turf several times, and threw it away several more when outvolleyed (as Maskell rightly observed, 'In the old days a player might have said, "Well played"'). Andrea is in the boys' soccer team back home, and I bet some of them think twice before going over the top against her. At the moment her tireless retriever's game throws up one interesting question: need she ever bother to learn how to smash, given how well she plays the shoulder-high drive-volley instead?

Other unanswered questions of the tournament so far include: what was Betty Ann Dent doing there, when she obviously should have got the job as the new member of Charlie's Angels? Is the combustible Peter Fleming the only player not to bounce the ball before serving? Will the time come when Jimmy Connors actually grunts more times than he hits the ball? And will Ann Jones ever say anything interesting? (Her prize piece of mind-reading came when she declared brightly before a tie-break, 'Billie-Jean will be trying to get off to a good start'.)

And then of course there are the main questions; for example, who will win? I wish you hadn't asked that, especially on a Tuesday morning; but I suppose you're entitled to a free laugh. I'd like to say Gerulaitis and Mrs King, whose games are probably the most enjoyable on show this year. But Vitas will be sorted out by Borey — if not before — and Mrs King by her bad knees. In any case, this column prefers backing favourites, on the normally sound principle that the favourites are favourites because they are better than the people who aren't favourites. Borg to beat Connors in four sets; Navratilova to beat Miss A.N. Other (all right then, Austin) in three.

Jonathan Dimbleby In Evidence (Thames) was the first of a series of 'signed documentaries': the 'signing' being presumably a device whereby the TV company can tell the front man one thing ('We think you're so terrific we're putting your name in lights') and the public another ('Look, this guy may get it all wrong, but don't say we didn't warn you'). In the event, Dimbleby turned in a lively and scrupulous programme about the police, a television equivalent in places of James McClure's *Spike Island*. It began with a rivetting sequence about training ('One whistle . . . one key' — you half expected, half feared a voiceover to add '. . . one half-brick, suspects for the planting on') and ended in Duncan Campbell land. All parties spoke for themselves, including the baleful Sheerness picket: 'I am not fucking resisting arrest.'

On *The South Bank Show* (LWT) Sir Angus Wilson, all brackets and dashes, kept miraculously saving his grammatical neck. Melvyn Bragg agonised over popping that familiar question about art and madness, but Wilson, whose delivery is a delightful high-pitched bustle, like a speeded-up Arthur Marshall, didn't mind in the least: 'The family was hysterical and I was hysterical and I still am rather highly strung'. On *All About Books* (BBC-1) Jack Le Vien told how, when he was making *A King's Story* with the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, a friend flew from Nairobi to Paris (with his permission) just to watch the shooting. The friend's mistake was to bring his girlfriend. The Duchess gave them a drink, and as soon as they had finished it, pointed out the fellow's hideous solecism with a regal 'One for the road?' Le Vien, seemingly one of those Americans who buy European snobbery wholesale, commented approvingly, 'And she was quite right.'

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Architecture

Adrian Forty

Designs on Votes

A Revolution in London Housing; LCC Housing Architects and Their Work 1893-1914 *RIBA Drawings Collection, 19 Portman Square from 18 June to 2 August*

Millbank Estate, Westminster 1898-1902

Nowadays council housing makes news only when it falls down, leaks, is vandalised, or blamed for causing mental illness. Yet, although the scandals about particular estates are certainly true, the great majority of council housing has succeeded in providing accommodation in every respect far superior to anything private enterprise could offer. The RIBA's exhibition of early London County Council housing is about the optimistic dawn of municipal housing, before failures and cynicism had set in.

Although the LCC was not the first local authority to provide working-class housing in Britain, it was the first to do so on any significant scale. This came about partly because of London's appalling housing problems, and partly as a result of the strength of the 'Progressives' (a loose alliance of Liberals and Socialists) on the LCC from its foundation in 1889 until 1907. After 1892, the Progressives committed themselves to the municipalisation of water, gas, electricity, the docks, public transport and above all, housing, on the grounds that these services could all be better provided by the Council than by private enterprise.

Not only did the Council propose to manage the new housing, but it was designed by the LCC's own architects, and much of it was built by the LCC's own Works Department. With the opportunities this last innovation gave for close co-operation between client and builder, and the elimination of the builder's profit in the cost of construction, it set an important precedent for the use of direct labour on municipal works. The largest and most famous of the early schemes, which consisted of blocks of tenements, were at Boundary Street in Bethnal Green, and at Millbank, behind the Tate, both of which survive. The inner city schemes were followed by a series of cottage estates in the suburbs, at Totterdown, Norbury, White Hart Lane and Old Oak in Hammersmith, which in general offered a far higher standard of accommodation than London artisans were able to get from private landlords.

The exhibition at the RIBA contains a selection of drawings by the LCC architects, a number of contemporary photographs, and a good deal of supporting material about the LCC and the London housing question, as well as the architects concerned. Besides giving an excellent idea of the range of housing built by the LCC before 1914, the act of bringing this material together in a single exhibition draws attention to two features of the LCC work. The first is the sheer quality of detail design that the architect put into the schemes, and the meticulous care with which the construction of the buildings was supervised. The quality of design and construction far exceeded anything done by private enterprise for the working classes, and was greatly superior to the monotonous blocks built by the philanthropic housing organisations like the Peabody Trust. By contrast, the LCC buildings contained, as the drawings show, construc tional details of the highest standard, as much variety as was possible in the elevations, the roof profiles and the internal planning, while the internal joinery and fittings were designed with a simple elegance. On the surface, Boundary Street is like Chelsea come to Bethnal Green.

The second point raised by the exhibition is why the LCC should have allowed the architects, and even apparently encouraged them, to design such extravagantly stylish schemes? The standard histories of housing architecture all explain this sudden efflorescence of design by the devotion of the architects concerned to the arts and crafts movement and to the work of Philip Webb. But enthusiastic though the architects themselves may have been about these exemplars, it is no answer as to why the Council should have permitted buildings that were far more lavishly designed than anything ever offered before as working-class housing. At least part of the explanation would seem to be related to the problems experienced by the Progressives in London politics. Although they relied on the working class for votes, they depended heavily upon middle-class Liberals for financial support. These two classes of elector by no means agreed on the importance of municipal housing. The serious condition of housing in London made the policy of municipalisation extremely attractive to working-class voters, and indeed where the Progressives failed to give it sufficient emphasis, the socialists of the Social Democratic Federation were quick to mop up votes by offering a more radical housing policy.

Yet municipal housing was expensive, and it had no great appeal to the solid Liberal middle-class Progressives, who were all too likely to desert to the Conservative 'Moderates' if pressed too hard. As a result of their mixed electoral base, the Progressives' housing policy was a compromise. The quantity of housing to be built was not very great, not enough to make any significant difference to London's housing shortage, but the spectacular design of what was built drew public attention to the LCC's housing work. Superior and artistic design was, it would seem, encouraged by the Council in order to make up for the deficiency in volume. In this way, the design — as distinct from the provision — of housing acquired a political value, which, although its meaning has changed with different circumstances, it has retained ever since. Whether the various changes that have been made in the design policies for local authority housing have ever won or lost any votes is a question that has not yet been answered.

The RIBA's exhibition is both informative and suggestive, in ways that the book which accompanies it is not. (Susan Beattie, *A Revolution in London Housing*, GLC/Architectural Press, £6.95.) Although the book's many illustrations make it a useful souvenir of the exhibition, its text, which is mainly concerned with the attribution of the designs to a number of otherwise unheard of architects, is an example of the more futile applications of architectural history.

At a time when the GLC is bent on shedding its housing functions and distributing them among the London boroughs, and also on running down its Architect's and Works Departments, this exhibition does show that there have been advantages in a single authority undertaking responsibility for London's problems. The scale and scope of action that was open to the LCC in the case of housing provided it with a capacity for experiment and innovation that cannot be found in the parochialism of most of the boroughs. Let us hope that the RIBA's exhibition is not to be a memorial to the LCC's and the GLC's careers as housing authorities.

Art

John Spurling

Turned Down

The Red Studio *Tate*
Giulio Paolini & Roger Hilton: The Last Paintings *Museum of Modern Art, Oxford*
Patrick George *Serpentine, until 13 July; then Colchester, Hull and University of Sussex*

The Tate has chosen the occasion of Lord Bullock's retirement as Chairman of the Trustees (Lord Hutchinson succeeds him) to show some of its latest acquisitions. They in-

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clude a wooden head by Brancusi, a wild mixed bathing-party in green, orange and blue by Kirchner, a genteel Hanoverian gathering on a terrace, an early Lord Leighton, a bombastic Stella and, as though to settle accounts after all that palaver between David Hockney and the old regime, its first ever purchase of a Hockney painting — *Man Taking a Shower in Beverley Hills,* 1964. However, the chief glory of the Tate just now is unfortunately not an acquisition, but the one that got away, turned down at £700 in 1947. Matisse's *The Red Studio* (1911) is on loan from the Museum of Modern Art in New York.

This is a painting worth a special visit and as much time as you would spend with a symphony or a whole show of most artists' work. Indeed it *is* a whole show of Matisse's own work, for the studio contains miniature depictions of several of his ceramics, three small sculptures and seven paintings all set out among the mere outlines of furniture on an overall ground of Venetian red, so that it is at once the flattest painting anyone had ever then done and, by the sheer legerdemain of the lines defining chairs, tables and floor, among the most richly spacious. It is an abstract of colour and shape which contains figurative objects, an interior which leads you to exteriors, a place which seems simultaneously occupied at that moment and remembered long afterwards. Both the artificiality of art and its living necessity, intellectually and emotionally, to the artist in any of us, are here understood and reconciled. If ever a single work explicitly justified the building, maintenance and ethos of museums, *The Red Studio* is it — and we missed it.

Giulio Paolini puts asunder what Matisse joined together. Paolini is a Pirandellian. For him the works of art in a museum are reverse equivalents of the Six Characters in a theatre — their drama is wholly self-contained and cannot flow back into life. A cast of the Medici Venus stares into the eyes of another cast of the Medici Venus; two truncated columns reflect themselves in mirrors and each other in substance; the centaur Nessus, whose blood poisoned Hercules, is the cast of a horse's body joined to the rolled-up drawing of a man's head and torso by a dramatic scarf of red cloth. The pieces are classically elegant, riddling and lifeless, like the novels of Robbe-Grillet which Paolini admires. But of course they are meant to be lifeless. If it was life you wanted you would never have entered the museum in the first place.

In the basement of the same museum, however, there is a counter-demonstration — a small show of late gouaches by Roger Hilton. Hilton, an alcoholic suffering from at least two other debilitating diseases, was mainly confined to his bed during the last three years of his life. There, leaning on one elbow and painting with the wrong hand, surrounded by squalor, writing offensive letters to his wife through the night, he played the part of a monster of tyrannical childishness. That it was at least partly a part is clear from the underlying tenderness and irrepressible hilarity of his *Night Letters* (Newlyn Orion Galleries), with their accompanying graffiti-like drawings, mostly of female nudes in a great variety of positions. Nor are the gouaches as childish as they seem at first glance. Their dash and vigour compare with children's work, their colour and composition are those of a mature artist. The subjects are sex, memory and death and the essence of Hilton's art is the childlike directness with which he approaches them, as if the only palliative for his living nightmare were to tell it, like a Beckett protagonist, 'how it is'. Hilton, deeply influenced by Matisse, flatly contradicts Paolini: 'I argue for art as revealed truth, not as significant form, and technique as the instrument of its exposition.'

Patrick George, a member of the Coldstream school of austere objectivity, began by painting drab, rectilinear city-scapes and scratchy portraits. His work has improved enormously since he moved to Suffolk in the early Sixties and adapted his inhibitory method to the long lines of a flat, reticent landscape. His colours have begun to sing, his rectilinearity and fussy dithering over line to relax into steady slow curves. He and his chosen landscape are like two shy people who find it possible to let themselves go in each other's company. They don't let themselves go far, but the result is a sense of mild relief, of tension set up and gently released. View and viewer keep their separateness and their mutual agreement not to reveal too much; art, in all its sincerity, is for the wall and the museum, life is somewhere else. It is an unfashionable version of Paolinism. Cézanne and Matisse might never have lived.

Theatre

Benedict Nightingale

Low Voltage

A Short Sharp Shock by HOWARD BRENTON and TONY HOWARD *Stratford East*
Commitments by DUSTY HUGHES *Bush*
Rutherford and Son by GITHA SOWERBY *Theatre Upstairs*
The Arbor by ANDREA DUNBAR *Royal Court*

There have been plays that have used the years 1945 and 1968 to deliver little homilies about socialist hopes raised and dashed. Now, it seems, 1974 must be added to that list. *A Short Sharp Shock* begins with the fall of the Heath government, and proceeds to show the nation succumbing, after a long, strength-sapping bout of Wilsonitis and Callaghanosis, to what the authors fear may be a terminal assault by the bacillus M-Thatcher. *Commitments* actually ends on the night of the 1974 election, and leaves any optimism felt by the characters to hover ironically in the chill night air.

Unluckily, both the voltage and wattage of *Shock* are disappointingly low. It is neither good Brenton nor rousing agitprop. My prescription for socialist stage-drama is painfully simple. Either it must display a trenchant, tough-minded awareness of the contradictions of what is, after all, a very complex subject, namely the possibility of social change in stick-in-the-mud Britain. The plays of Trevor Griffiths are the best current example of this, though he has, alas, stayed more or less mum since the triumph of his *Comedians.* Or it must draw on some powerful non-intellectual source of energy: a *saeva indignatio,* in whose armoury may be found satire, parody, scathing metaphor, visual and verbal bravura, and whatever other weaponry a high-duty imagination can galvanise into action. The off-Broadway drama of the later Sixties, though usually socialist in general tenor rather than specific loyalty, is still the best instance of this. How many of those who saw Jean-Claude van Itallie's *America Hurrah!* will forget those vast, glazed dummies systematically wrecking their shiny motel room?

Or, most difficult of all, a combination of the two. This is presumably what *Shock* attempts, with its brusque cuts between a caricature Tory government and the reactions and arguments of a Cockney clan, representing 'the governed'. The leading grotesques are all played by women: Jane Wymark's plump capon of a Jim Prior, Linda Spurrier's rumpled, shambling Whitelaw, and, most spectacularly, Darlene Johnson's dementedly flailing Keith Joseph. The laughter they provoke is not, however, very abundant or savage; and the lines thrust into their mouths are neither particularly inventive nor especially informative. For anyone who skims through a daily paper over breakfast, remembers Joseph's strictures on the irresponsibly fertile, and has some minimal grasp of the tenets of Milton Friedman, much of this will seem primary-class stuff: Tory politics 101. It is no more challenging and demanding than the celebrated prank Stratford East presented a decade ago, *Mrs Wilson's Diary*; and that was at least amusing. The funniest line here, for what it's worth, is real, not concocted: the Leaderine's promise to 'withdraw my love' from recalcitrant Cabinet colleagues.

Perhaps the evening needs an injection of that tastelessness it has already, bewilderingly been charged with displaying. I don't know whether the accusation is based on the scene in which Prior is force-fed with Friedman's semen — a harmlessly jokey reference, this, to the Shockley breeding-bank for Nobel laureates — or on the introduction of the ghosts of Mountbatten and queenmaker Neave to the accompaniment of some unexceptionable sentiments about the British presence in Ireland. If the latter, the objectors surely expose how out-of-touch they are with the way their fellow-citizens think and laugh. They should try comparing Brenton's not-unsympathetic necromancy with the ghoulish Mountbatten jokes current in London schools: 'what goes chug, chug, chug, bang?', 'who comes out of the tap in little bits?', and so on. No one would want to insert such juvenile nastiness into the present play; but it might have gained from more van-Itallian, Hogarthian, Swiftian, or Scarfean treatment of the principal object of its ire, Margaret Thatcher, personated at Stratford with svelte and icy accuracy by Gwen Taylor. Too bad if such an excrescence proved embarrassing to the Arts Council, or increased the volume of abysmal

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ignorance and abject stupidity with which it has been blasted all week. The Council knows that its task is to pass, not political judgments on specific productions, but artistic ones on a theatre's policy and practice over much longer periods; and my experience of it convinces me that it won't be intimidated.

The evening ends with the queen-bee, or mother-spider, sitting serenely at the hub of her powerhouse while those liberals, socialists and communists who should be uniting in resistance wrangle fretfully among themselves. It's a situation that would be ruefully recognised as true by Dusty Hughes, since his *Commitments* actually involves one of those fractious factions, a showbiz-based party that might be called the WRP, but is lightly camouflaged as the RSP. The play is not, however, strictly about politics. The emphasis is rather on the nature of the political temperament, the effect of political commitment on relationships, and other microcosmic matters — and why not, provided the author resists the weary old slurs, such as the inference that left-wing activism is a compensation for personal inadequacy?

Mr Hughes resists them. Indeed, his least sympathetic character is also the least genuinely committed, the one who used politics with the same promiscuous ardour he uses women. All the others he handles with wry understanding: the successful chanteuse with the obsession with telephone-tapping; her increasingly embittered boy-friend, a failed actor turned assembly-line worker; the earnest Baader-Meinhof groupie who turns out to be unwillingly feeding information to the Special Branch; the authentic prole, whose free time is spent thanklessly flogging socialist sheets outside power-stations. I don't know whether Mr Hughes has lived in the kind of ad-hoc commune in which he sets his play; but he writes of the optimism, the paranoia, the hard work, the quarrels, the party platitudes, the seriousness, the silliness, with the freshness of someone who has seen it all. Parts of the piece could be pared nearer the bone, but in general it's an estimable dramatic debut, and acted with honesty and flair by Deborah Findlay, Paola Dionisotti, et al.

Domestic tyranny was a favourite Edwardian subject, and I don't think Githa Sowerby's *Rutherfold and Son,* a tale of the grim master-glazier who alienates or rejects his immediate heirs, and is then coolly 'sold' his grandson by his daughter-in-law, adds much to the indictment already assembled by Hankin, Houghton and others. A really dominating principal performance might lift the proceedings above the mildly melodramatic; but we don't get it, perhaps partly because the company responsible, Mrs Worthington's Daughters, sees its job as the rediscovery of neglected women playwrights, not the promotion of powerful male acting.

Ironically enough, however, the genuine article is to be found in the main theatre downstairs: *The Arbor* unaffectedly and unsentimentally shows what it's like to be young, female and pregnant in as deprived a community as it's easy to imagine, and, in the process, tells us much about Yorkshire attitudes to sex, race, the police and violence. The first half, which ends with Andrea Dunbar's miscarriage, was written when Andrea Dunbar was 15; the second, which sees her chased into a women's refuge by her Pakistani lover, when she was 18. What will she return to report in three years time?

Films

John Coleman

Horse-Sense

The Black Stallion (A) *Classics, Haymarket and Oxford Street; Odeon, Kensington*
The Sea Wolves (A) *Leicester Square Theatre; Odeon, Marble Arch*
Little Darlings (AA) *Plaza*
Lifespan *ICA, from 10 June*

Francis Ford Coppola's production company, Omni Zoetrope, provides the week's good news and arouses a not so idle speculation: how many decent, well-crafted and sanely budgeted first features could be financed for the price of one *Apocalypse Now*? Adapted from Walter Farley's 1941 bestseller and updated by five years, *The Black Stallion* brings together a wild Arab horse, threatening to kick to bits a passenger ship somewhere off the North African coast before a freak storm does it for him, and the gritty American boy who clutches at his mane in a tumultuous sea: they find themselves, sole survivors, on a deserted island. Over a period of three months young Alec (Kelly Reno), now fatherless, moves from grief and terror to a patient half-taming of 'The Black', riding him joyfully bareback over the wide sands.

Rescued by fishermen, the odd couple try to settle down to the domestic life back at the boy's home in Flushing, New York. Alec's pretty, bereaved mother (Teri Garr) looks on in rather scatty amaze as her self-sufficient son sleeps al fresco, wanders meaningfully from table with a bowl of fruit salad. The stallion goes careering through the town one day, to be discovered by Alec next morning in a great barn belonging to Henry (Mickey Rooney), a retired racehorse trainer. From then on, it is only a matter of time and proper fantasy before 'The Black', with a masked Alec up, should be racing against the country's top two thoroughbreds.

Such set-pieces as the shipwreck and the thundering exhilaration of the last charge are beautifully, spectacularly mounted; and, if that island experience seems protracted, it affords both Robinson Crusoe *trouvailles* (seaweed as food and pacifying fodder) and hair-raising encounters (cobra, boy's face, horse's crushing hoof). There is the nice deployment of the Bucephalus myth, grounded in a small bronze horse won by dad at poker and given to Alec at the beginning. There is a quotidian way with near-magic, as when the veteran black actor Clarence Muse, driving a junk-cart, softly signposts Alec to his lost stallion. Best of all, perhaps, is the debutant director Carroll Ballard's control of his actors. Young Reno, seen to ride, is also seen to *be* the possessed, indomitable kid. Mr Rooney — surely glimpsed on horseback in an old still from *National Velvet* in Henry's dusty, cobwebby roomful of trophies and mementoes — has rarely been so unselfishly reined in, raising the boy's performance by the gruff-tender naturalism of his own.

The Sea Wolves turns out to be just another of those now-it-can-be-told-but-why-bother? historical travesties, crammed with stars at their most plastic (David Niven, Trevor Howard, Roger Moore and — of course — Gregory Peck, speaking in a peculiar approximation to slow waltz time, as the principal Britisher), intermittently directed by Andrew V. McLaglen. Based on James Leasor's book, *Boarding Party,* it purports to display how we got up to dirty, heroic tricks in the neutral Portuguese harbour of Goa in 1943, destroying three German ships, one of which was known to be transmitting full details of Allied naval movements to lurking U-boats.

To this end, a part-time civilian territorial unit (dating back to 1759), the Calcutta Light Horse, is awarded the *beau rôle.* They prove a jokey bunch when their upper lips are not stiff — 'Aye, aye, sir. *Shit,* sir!' says an oil-smeared Kenneth Griffith, engine-wallah on an antique river barge carrying the assorted civvies the 2,500 miles from Calcutta to Goa — and go into action to the strains of some of 'The Warsaw Concerto' pop-songed. Lucky Mr Moore previously gets to bed the mysterious and cutting Mrs Cromwell (Barbara Kellermann). As for special effects, I would swap all the gung-ho explosions for that keeling ship in *The Black Stallion.*

A very sound case could be made for the abolition of North American summer camps. Thus might we be spared such tacky fictional variations on a theme as *Little Darlings.* Simpering Tatum O'Neal and real-looking Kristy McNichol play two warring 15-year-olds reluctantly drawn into a contest as to who shall be first to lose her virginity.

Klaus Kinski is currently a name to conjure with and the only rational excuse for the ICA's retrieval of Alexander Whitelaw's 1975 *Lifespan,* a limp and grubby affair about a young American gerontologist's Amsterdam-based attempts to plumb the wherefore of a colleague's suicide. The ripe plenty of Tina Aumont is sexily roped up in a 'double helix', which is fine by me: a visit to the Anne Frank museum is spuriously roped in as a plot-furtherer, which is very definitely not.

Weekend Competition

No 2624 **Set by P.W.R. Foot**
A present-day publisher's letter of rejection of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*; Milton's *Paradise Lost*; Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*; Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*; or Eliot's *Waste Land.* Max. 150 words; by 18 July.

No 2651 **Set by Dan Kavanagh**
Either an essay or a scene from a school class in Relationships.

Report **By Mercy Dash**

No room for my considered thoughts on your entries — again. No winning dialogues. Eight quid for each of the essays quoted here.

The Head talked about relationships and wot wee will do with gurls when we leave skool. Peason said, soto vochay, 'Can we go now?' wich made Fotherington-Thomas gigle and he was called out. That made him blub, he is a weed, and he said it wos the Head made him. He said hee didn't think his Mummy and Daddy would have done that and he had to go to Matron to lie down. The Head said we must be poor and not tell durty jokes but you shoud

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here him and the other beaks when they confiskated Peason's folder of Page Three sekts-objects. When he said you ownly ort to relate to gurls the Chaplin looked very sik.

JOHN SWEETMAN

When I grow up I will be a one-parent family. My Mum is a one-parent family, she used to be a two-parent one, but my Dad went away on business and now she is a one one. I am a 'love-child', this means my Mum and Dad co-habited a lot. A 'legitimate' child is one whose mum and dad do not co-habit, as they are married. Uncle Frank is married, so he comes to co-habit with my Mum instead. Tracy's mum and dad are not married, they got a divorce because of an irreconcilable difference, so now they can co-habit sometimes when he brings Tracy back from the zoo. We have learned in biology how to co-habit, and I do not fancy doing this with a boy ever in my life, and that is why I wish to be a one-parent family.

PETER NORMAN

A Relationship is what happens when two or more people blather together. Relationships began in 1920 and have continued ever since, except after the war, when there was rationing. When people have Relationships, they cannot get social security, unless they write it down in the register. Most people have relationships at some time. I have three Relationships, with Mum, with Dad, and with Sammy. Sammy is my jerbil. When I grow up, and can vote, I am allowed to have more Relationships. A man called Freud said too many Relationships are a problem, so I must be careful. Some people have illsit Relationships, but they are in prison, London, parts of Devon, and the Navy. Relationships used to be made in heaven, but now they are made at discos, or by post.

BILL GREENWELL

Relationships is about how people get on with each other. A good relationship is when they like each other and have a good time together. A bad relationship is when they are always rowing or have a punch-up. I have a bad relationship with Miss Jones, the Art Teacher, because she's always saying I don't try. But she has a good relationship with Mr Wilkins, the Deputy Head. I know this because I saw them behind the bike sheds last Friday after school. I suppose he doesn't have a good relationship with Mrs Wilkins. I hope I get a good mark for this essay and other things in Mr Wilkins Relationship Studies class. And perhaps now I've learned more about relationships I'll get better marks from Miss Jones in Art. I can see that knowing about relationships can get you on in life if you know about the right ones.

J. TIMSON

Q: 'Relationships are the Cement in the Foundations of Society': give examples from your own experience.

A: I believe it to be true that Relationships are the cement in the foundations of Society. This because (1) there are four kinds of relationships. *Blood* which is cousins, mum and dad, and if you marry. *Sex* which is what Miss Jones teaches, in Eng Lit with D H Laurance, it is not the same as Porn because (2) Porn is *shownivist,* and if you have it she connfictstates. *Diplomastic* which is like Libians and Iran and when there is terrorism they break it off. Four and lastly there is *Meaningfull Relationships* i.e. blacks and anti-nazi Rock, we are onely allowed this because we are comprehensive. Thus we find that Relationships are the Sement (no time for anymore, the bells' gone and hes' collecting papers). Finish.

JOHN ARDEN

Tony Miles

Chess

No 187 **Las Palmas triumph**

The annual Las Palmas tournament is usually a pleasant event, played as it is in the picturesque Hotel Santa Catalina against a background of swaying palm trees. This year I had a sense of foreboding. The first thing the controller said to me was 'would you mind changing the first rest day to Wednesday because Spain are playing Italy on Thursday?'(!) — football, that is. I assured him that I had no objections. Later I noticed that the second rest day already coincided with the Spain-England clash and the tournament finished a day before the final (though by then there was a certain lack of Spanish, or English, interest). Anyway, then came the drawing of lots. The five Spanish players were markedly weaker than the rest. I drew White against four of them, leaving me with Black against five of the six strong players — not a good state of affairs if one is hoping to win the tournament. Finally the controller stood on my toe to start the clock!

What could go wrong next, I wondered? Simply, almost nothing. I beat all the Spaniards, scored 100% with white and had no trouble holding the strong players with black. The only nuisance was that I didn't manage to drop the Russians and had to content myself with sharing first with Petrosian and Geller on 8½/11. The field followed at a distance, led by Sosonko (Holland) and Andersson (Sweden) 7, Bellen (Spain) 6 and G. Garcia (Cuba) 5½. The crucial phase began four rounds from the end at which point Petrosian, Geller and I had 5½/7, Andersson 5 and Bellen and Sosonko were also within striking distance. Then Geller drew with Andersson, Petrosian won, but I dropped a draw to the Cuban GM, Hernandez. This was worrying at the time as both Russians had beaten him, and I now had clearly the strongest opposition to play.

The next round was the turning point though. While the Russians were drawing with each other, I produced the best game of the tournament to knock Andersson out of contention. In the penultimate round I drew painlessly with Petrosian but Geller had a hard fight with Bellen. As is his custom the Spaniard played the opening abominably but swindled his way to a drawn ending. In the adjournment session he had a hundred and one ways to draw — but found the hundred and second and lost!

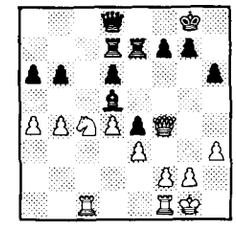
In the last round all three leaders faced Spanish opposition and still I had the toughest task, facing Bellen. In the event all three won and only Petrosian looked like doing anything else. My strong finish gave me the trophy on the tie break.

White: F. Lopez **Black: E. Geller**

1.P-Q4, N-KB3; 2.P-QB4, P-KN3; 3.N-QB3, B-N2; 4.P-K4, P-Q3; 5.B-K2, O-O; 6.B-N5, QN-Q2; 7.Q-Q2, P-QB3; 8.P-B4(?!), P-K4; 9.BPxP, PxP; 10.P-Q5, N-B4; 11.B-B3, Q-R4; 12.R-B1, PxP; 13.BPxP, P-N4; 14.B-K3, P-N5; 15.BxN, QxB; 16.N-R4, Q-R4; 17.P-QN3, B-Q2; 18.R-B5, Q-Q1; 19.QxP, N-N5; 20.N-N2, Q-R5ch; 21.P-N3, Q-N4; 22.BxN, QxB; 23.Q-B4, KR-B1; 24.N-Q3, B-N4!! (a clean knockout); 25.QxB, QxKPch; 26.K-B1, QxR; 27. P-Q6, RxR; 28.NxR, Q-Q4; 29.Q-N7, QxQ; 30.NxQ R-N1; 31.P-Q7, B-B3; 32.N-Q6, R-Q1. Resigns.

Problem 187

White to play. How should the game go? Answers to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked no later than 16 July.

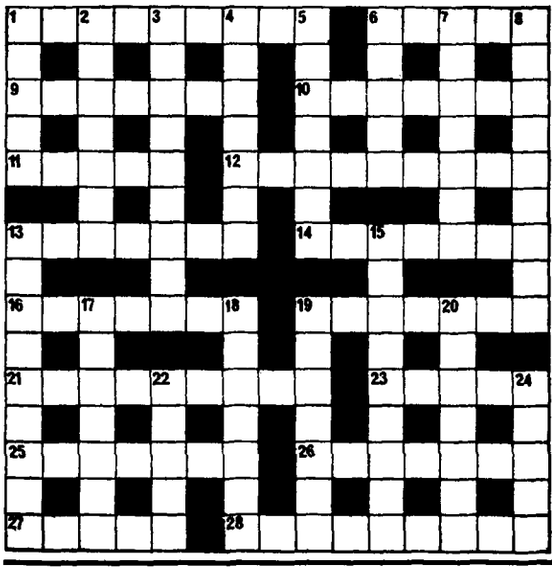


Solution to problem 185

1. . . Q-B8! 2.NxQ (2.P-B3, NxPch), RxPch; 3.K-R1, RxPch; 4.K-N1, R-N7ch; 5.K-R1, R-N1ch; 6.K-R2, N-B6ch; 7.K-R1, R-N8mate.

Weekend Crossword 1348

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1348, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 15 July.



ACROSS

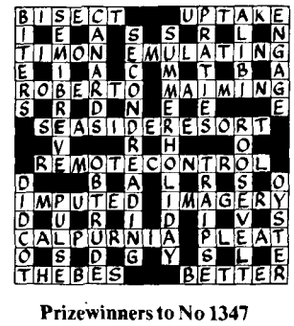
1 Just places with money for a star (9)
6 Lash used in punishing youth on good evidence (5)
9 Release relative not quite finished by snake (7)
10 Annie is crooked and stupid (7)
11 Put on holding me back, the devil (5)
12 The cooking ingredient is in the tumbler (9)
13 Runs away from just reward (7)
14 If a vessel goes back to one Chinese dynasty, it needs sticking (7)
16 Times for adders (7)
19 Strange Roman as river enthusiast (7)
21 Fix up graduate with part in rambling discourse (9)
23 Is expected to in having a rough time (5)
25 In saving money get rid of sovereign (7)
26 Toilets installed by the city freely (7)
27 Tests are the reverse of a means of cutting down writing (5)
28 Kind of student who comes from poor homes (9)

DOWN

1 Discovered there is nothing in stock (5)
2 Give me coins for wages (7)
3 Where there is a garment in the branches (9)
4 Dickensian who turns the sun pink (7)
5 Gas appliance fitted to the main is hot (7)
6 It would be exhausting if I went into this town (5)
7 Paperwork addressed to European city on English road (7)
8 Means of making things work smoothly to use when involved with a nagger (9)
13 Attractive one who can be taken away from parents? (9)
15 Without company the traveller would have to spoil the game (5,4)
17 A chap embraced by mother, goes purplish (7)
18 Wipes out parasites (7)
19 Partly coincide although lover is concealed before father returns (7)
20 Generator which makes mother go without gin (7)
22 With Diana this group of stars makes records (5)
24 It sounds like the right moment for a plant (5).

SETSQUARE

Solution to 1347



Prizewinners to No 1347

D. R. Dare (Edinburgh)
H. Bachmann (Switzerland)
D. Page (London)

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APPOINTMENTS

BRITISH COUNCIL FOR AID TO REFUGEES
REQUIRES

SENIOR FIELD OFFICER

For their Vietnamese re-settlement programme in the Greater London Area responsible for the co-ordination of the work of at least eight field officers. Preference given to those with practical experience in social work and first hand knowledge of Indo-China or S.E. Asia. Ability to speak Chinese and/or Vietnamese would be an asset. Clean driving licence essential. Age: over 30. Starting salary around £5,500.

Also **FIELD OFFICER** to be responsible for the re-settlement/after care of Vietnamese refugees in the Greater London Area. Preference given to those with a background in social work and an ability to liaise effectively with local government departments and statutory bodies. Clean driving licence essential. Age: 25+. Starting salary around £4,350.

Also **SENIOR RESETTLEMENT OFFICER** to be responsible for the efficient movement of refugees from UK reception centres to places of resettlement, and to advise and assist those engaged in counselling services in the resettlement programme. He/she will also be responsible for keeping records of each new intake for planning and resettlement purposes. Preference given to those with a background in planning, statistics and social welfare and with an ability to speak Chinese and/or Vietnamese. Clean driving licence essential. Starting salary around £5,500.

Please send CVs to:

Personnel Manager,
B.C.A.R.,
35 Great Peter Street, London SW1P 3LR

BANKING, INSURANCE AND FINANCE UNION
Appointment of
TRADE UNION ORGANISER *for the*
NORTH EAST AREA

Applications are invited from persons of suitable qualifications and Trade Union background for the above post. Commencing salary £4,839 p.a. on scale rising to £5,931 p.a. (Salary review July 1980) Car provided, good holidays and conditions of service. Please apply for application form and Job Description to

John James, National Organiser, BIFU,
102 Bute Street, Cardiff CF1 6AD.

All application forms to be completed and returned by
THURSDAY 17 JULY 1980.

FLUORIDATION SOCIETY

GENERAL SECRETARY

The Society is being reorganised and the Council seek applicants for the post of GENERAL SECRETARY.

The successful applicant will be energetic and a good organiser and communicator. His/her task will be to promote better dental health by promoting fluoridation. Fluoridation is an important area of preventive medicine and is supported by the British Dental Association (where the Society's offices are situated), and the Royal College of Physicians.

Further details and applications to Norman R. Webb, c/o British Dental Association, 63 Wimpole Street, London W1M 8AL.

WE ALWAYS HAVE interesting vacancies for graduates and 'A' level students, with accurate typing and office skills to work in non-commercial and educational organisations. Phone Mrs Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy.) 92 Brompton Rd (opp. Harrods), SW3 1EH. 01-589 0590.

CREATIVE CAREERS. Superb openings in Publishing, The Arts, Current Affairs, Politics, Education and the Business World, for 'A' Level and Graduate Secretaries and Typists. Permanent and Temporary. Covent Garden Bureau, 53 Fleet Street, EC4. 01-353 7696.

HOUSE OF COMMONS
(Department of the Clerk of the House)

SELECT COMMITTEE TEMPORARY ASSISTANTS

The Treasury and Civil Service Committee require three Temporary Assistants to cover economic, taxation and administrative questions respectively. Their duties will include giving specialist assistance to the Clerk of the Committee and undertaking research into specific questions. Applications are invited from candidates with a good degree or an equivalent professional qualification relevant to one or more of the above subjects, together with several years' practical experience in one of these fields.

The preferred age range is 28 – 35 years and for a successful candidate within this range the salary is likely to be between £9,380 and £11,280 according to age, qualifications and experience. Applications from particularly well qualified candidates aged from 25-27 will also be considered. The salary for this age group is likely to be between £7,730 and £9,335. There is a non-contributory pension scheme with interchange arrangements with other Public Service pension schemes.

The appointments will commence as soon as possible after 1 October 1980 and will be for periods of between 2 and 4 years.

Strict political impartiality is required of all House of Commons staff and these Temporary Assistants will be expected not to engage in political activities for the duration of their appointments.

For further details and application form write to
The Establishments Office, HOUSE OF COMMONS, London, SW1A 0AA. Or telephone 01-219 5598.
Closing date for return of application forms
24 July 1980.

HILLINGDON COMMUNITY RELATIONS COUNCIL
in conjunction with the
Commission for Racial Equality
requires a

COMMUNITY RELATIONS OFFICER (EMPLOYMENT)

to be responsible to promote equal opportunity policies in employment. Ability to liaise and communicate with management at senior level and trade unions and ethnic minority workers, and commitment to racial equality is essential. The applicants should, preferably have a degree in sociology and related experience in race relations would be an advantage. Salary on local authority scale AP4-5, pension and sick pay scheme.

For job description and application form contact: **C. S. RAI, Hillingdon CRC, 21 High Street, Uxbridge, Middx.** Closing date for completed applications **18 July 1980.**

HAVANT AND DISTRICT ARTS SOCIETY
Require a **DIRECTOR** *for* **HAVANT ARTS CENTRE**

to succeed the first Director who is leaving after two years.

The Arts Centre comprises a multi purpose theatre, exhibition gallery, lecture room, workshops, licenced bar and coffee parlour.

A wide range of performance and creative activities, both professional and amateur are offered throughout the year and the Centre is a base for many local societies.

The Director is responsible for the day to day co-ordination and general development of the Centre and for the promotion of public events.

Salary to be negotiated.

Letters of application with C.V. and the names of 2 referees should be addressed to:
The Chairman, HADAS, Havant Arts Centre, East Street, Havant, Hants. PO9 1BS, from whom further details may be obtained.
Closing date for applications **17 July 1980.**

UNIVERSITY OF ASTON IN BIRMINGHAM
TECHNOLOGY POLICY UNIT
Research Fellowship
Trade Unions and Policies for New Technology

Applications are invited for the post of Research Fellow to work on trade union policies for new technology. The project, which will last for two years, is funded by the SSRC and will be undertaken in collaboration with Dr Russell Moseley of the Technology Policy Unit.

Candidates should have research experience, knowledge of the trade union movement, and preferably some experience of new technology and its implications.

Commencing salary will be within the range £5,052 to £6,399 p.a. on a scale rising by annual increments to £8,769 p.a.

Application forms and further details may be obtained from: **The Staff Officer (quoting Ref No 425/42) University of Aston in Birmingham, Gosta Green, Birmingham B4 7ET (Tel 021-359 3611 Ext 201)** and applications should be returned not later than **24 July, 1980.**

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CHRISTOPHER PRICE MP needs a Secretary/PA from 1 September to work in Westminster. Good shorthand and typing essential. Ring 219 3437.

THIRD WORLD Socialist Publisher needs full-time experienced marketing Person £3,400 p.a. Zed Press, 57 Caledonian Road, London N1 9DN.

Pluto Press

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We are looking for a committed socialist with experience in publishing or the book trade to work as a sales representative in outer London, the south of England and Wales. The job is based in the London office and includes liaising with agents abroad and participating in general policy-making. We are looking for someone who is well organised and able to drive.

The job allows for plenty of initiative and responsibility within a supportive and friendly environment. Salary £5,000.

Apply in writing with full c.v. to: **Pluto Press, Unit 10, Spencer Court, 7 Chalcot Road, London NW1 8LH (01-722 0141).**

RE-ADVERTISEMENT
BANKING, INSURANCE AND FINANCE UNION
Appointment of
Trade Union Organiser *for the*
WEST MIDLANDS AREA

Applications are invited from persons of suitable qualifications and Trade Union background for the above post. Commencing salary £4,839 p.a. on scale rising to £5,931 p.a. (Salary review July 1980). The successful applicant will be based on the Midlands Office situated in Birmingham. Car provided, good holidays and conditions of service. Please apply for application form and Job Description to

John James, National Organiser, BIFU,
102 Bute Street, Cardiff CF1 6AD.

All application forms to be completed and returned by
Thursday, 17 July 1980.
PREVIOUS APPLICANTS NEED NOT RE-APPLY.

The LABOUR RESEARCH DEPARMENT
has a vacancy for a
researcher

to work mainly in the field of employment law as well as to assist in the other research and publications work of the Department.

Legal training or experience will be an advantage as will experience of the trade union and labour movement. Salary £6,000 pa (35 hours, 5 weeks 2 days annual holiday). Written applications with the names of two referess to reach The **Secretary, Labour Research Department, 78 Blackfriars Road, London SE1 8HF,** by FRIDAY 18 JULY 1980.

THE MUSLIM INSTITUTE

The director, Dr Kalim Siddiqui, wishes to appoint a RESEARCH ASSISTANT to assist him in studies concerned with the international relations of the Islamic world. The applicant must be a Muslim and a recent graduate in economics/politics/international relations/or a related field.

Write to him at:

The Muslim Institute,
6 Endsleigh Street, London WC1H 0DS

NEW STATESMAN

EDUCATION ADVERTISEMENT SUPPLEMENT 11 JULY 1980

Appointments/ Awards/ Courses/ Scholarships Fellowships/ Studentships

Since June 1979 the New Statesman has carried over 200 academic advertisements. This year, in order to help personnel officers and course administrators to find well qualified candidates, and also to inform readers of available posts and courses, we are putting together an advertisement feature that will highlight EDUCATION.

Advertisers can reserve space NOW at only £5.50 per single column cm., less 10% SPECIAL DISCOUNT for the issue dated 11 JULY, by calling: **01-405 4911/2/3 (copy closing date 1 p.m. Tuesday 8 July) or writing to: New Statesman, Classified Advertisements, 10 Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ.**

(Readvertisement)
SHOP ORGANISER

required for small shop selling handicrafts, books etc. Experience of retail trade and interest in political issues an advantage. Project supported by **War on Want.** Salary £4,200. Details and application forms from:

Shanti Third World Centre,
178 Oxford Rd, Manchester
M13 9QQ.
(061-273 5111 ex 56)
Closing date: **21 August.**

OVERSEAS DEVELOPMENT INSTITUTE
requires
Secretary/Library Assistant
for agricultural administration unit. Good typing, initiative and orderly mind essential, shorthand optional. Interest in Third World development advantageous.

Starting salary on scale £3,656 to £4,940

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CHELSEA: single bed-sit., all mod. cons. £20 p.w. Tel. 01-352 7552.

EXCHANGE: spacious 1 bdrm apt. in beautiful part of The Hague for London equivalent. Avail for 1 year from Oct. Badhuisweg 230, Den Haag, Holland. Tel. 557 982.

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HIGHBURY, N5. Own rm in shared house, no bills, occasional babysitting of one child. £20 p.w. Tel. 01-226 6734.

SECLUDED COTTAGE nr Welshpool. All facilities, slps 6-8. Avail now until July '81. Suit writer, visiting academic. £50 p.w. Apply 0938 2717.

WESTMINSTER AREA, available July-mid October 1980, s/c furnished flat, sleep 2/3. £70 per week. Tel. 0289 86354.

Wanted

AMERICAN ACADEMIC FAMILY, 2 children, seek flat/house convenient to Hammersmith for one year from late August. Plotz, 3221 Livingston St NW, Washington, DC 20015. Tel. 202 363 0693.

DOMESTICATED F., graduate, (26), seeks room, £20ish p.w., commuting distance WC2. Williams, 242 1655 day, 223 5712 eves.

FEMINIST POSTGRADUATE sks own room in N. London, (pref. Willesden area). Tel. Sandra McAdam Clark: 452 3744 days & eves.

GENUINE, reliable, female business executive & authoress, seeks attractive, secure 2 bdrmd furn. flat, central htg, N1, NW3, NW6, WC1. Rent circa £140 p.c.m. Tel. Maureen 01-404 5513 (office hours) or 01-607 4671 evs.

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POSTGRADUATE and first degree students require rooms, flats, houses now and from September. Often for 9-12 months only. Ring London School of Economics 01-405 7686 ext. 468 (mornings only) ext. 607 (anytime).

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44 Great Russell Street, London W.C.1
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overlooking the British Museum

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Personal

ALTERNATIVE COMMUNITY Movement supporter contemplating putting £60,000 into yet another Commune asks — who'll collaborate? 540 7337.

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DISABLED GIRL, 28, English Degree, Multiple Sclerosis, would like to meet interesting people. Box 8837.

FEMALE LECTURER, 39, stable, humorous, interests include cinema / theatre / music / sport seeks warm, lively male, (pref. academic), 30-45. London. Box 8857.

LOW-COST PSYCHOTHERAPY with Arbours Association trainees. Please phone 267 0304 for further information, or write to Arbours Association, 55 Dartmouth Park Road, NW5.

M. & F. JEWISH MARRIAGE AGENCY. Personal introductions to particularly nice people. Write 32 North Hill, Highgate, N6. Tel. 01-340 5616.

MALE, 38, musician, living Kensington, interested sports, theatre, poetry, travel wishes meet male for friendship possibly shared holidays. Any letters answered. Box 8848.

MAN, 33, Scot, alienated bourgeois, horribly individual, intellectual, passionate, lover of nature, tired of superficiality and flippancy, wishes to meet sensitive woman, for committed long-term relationship, possibly incorporating marriage and children. Living in Bristol at present but interested in abandoning city life for good. Box 8778.

MORTGAGES, Remortgages, 'Top Ups'. Secured and Unsecured Loans. 01-346 4653. Martin Hasseck Ltd, Freepost, London NW4 1YB.

NEXUS MEMBERS don't need to place or answer ads from personal columns (they even have quite a social life going?). For info. phone 01-359 7656/6703, 041-221 1090, 061-834 8964, 0272 44365.

PIANO TUNING, Defective notes, pedals repaired. Denys Parsons MSc. 01-340 4695.

PROFESSIONAL MAN, tall, divorced, wide interests: music, arts, travel, invites a warm, sensitive, feminine lady, in 30's, to join him in a mutually rewarding friendship, possibly marriage. Let me make your summer memorable. Box 8831.

PROFESSIONAL, SOLVENT Caribbean gentleman, 36, seeks unattached, intelligent female, for theatre, tennis, dancing. Box 8860.

RAPPORT: enhance your quality of life immeasurably with Rapport, the intelligent person's introduction agency. Send stamp and note of age for details special summer offer to Rapport, Suite A, 3 New High Street, Headington, Oxford. Overseas enquiries welcome.

RESEARCH SCIENTIST, divorced, 54, in good fettle, English born, seeks wife in thirties well educated, intelligent. I love children (I want to have another), warm-hearted home life, reading, sailing (I have a 26' sloop), music, ballet, architecture, the graphic arts and fun. Box 3823, Station C. Ottawa. Canada K1Y 4M5.

WIDOW, would like to know, where all the nice men have gone. 60 +. Box 8832

WOMAN, 40s, 5' 8", attractive, slim, shy, seeks caring man with perception, humour. Interested visual arts, travel, people, food. Avon. Box 8777.

THE JANE AUSTEN BUREAU — Introductions in all age groups immediately available. Free details from Brosnan House, Darkes Lane, Potters Bar, or call 44661.

WANDERING LONELY AS A CLOUD? Silver linings are gladly provided by 'Status' who will introduce you to the sort of people who would never dream of enrolling with an ordinary Marriage Bureau. 'Status', 88 Marylebone High Street, W1. 01-286 2128 (24 hrs).

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Theatres

ALDWYCH THEATRE Royal Shakespeare Company 836 6404. Recorded booking infor 836 5332. cc 379 6233 (10-6, Sats 10-4) until 26 July Dickens' The Life and Adventures of 'Nicholas Nickleby'. 'Wonderful The RSC has produced the most marvellous piece of theatre' D. Mail RSC also at The Warehouse in O'Neill's 'Anna Christie' 'Gripping' F. Times and Willy Russell's 'Educating Rita' 'a comedy of most refreshing humour and humanity . . . a delightful, funny and perceptive evening' E. News. RSC also at The Piccadilly Theatre in Pam Gems' 'Piaf' and Hart & Kaufman's 'Once In A Lifetime'.

HAMPSTEAD THEATRE. 722 9301. 'Buried Child' by Sam Shepard. Dir. Nancy Meckler. Des. Gemma Jackson, with Julie Covington, Marty Cruickshank, Philip Davis, Neil Johnston, Stephen Rea, John Rogan, Tony Rorh. Eves 8 p.m. Sats 4.30 p.m. & 8 p.m.

NATIONAL THEATRE. 928 2252. 'Othello' 'The Wild Duck', 'Amadeus', 'Death of a Salesman', Schools on the South Bank, 'A Lesson from Aloes'. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 928 2256.

NEW END. 794 0238. 'Letters Home' by Rose L. Goldemberg, based on Sylvia Plath's 'Letters Home'. Tues-Suns 8 p.m.

Cinema

SCREEN ON THE HILL. 435 3366 (opp. Belsize Park Tube). Derek Jarman's 'The Tempest' (AA) 2.55, 5.05, 7.15, 9.25.

Exhibition

CONRAD ATKINSON Graphics 1968-80 (A Selection). Political art at its finest. Pentonville Gallery, 46 Amwell St., EC1. 01-837 9826. 11-6 Mon.-Fri., 11-2 Sats.

Entertainment

UNITY THEATRE PLAY READING at The British Theatre Association, 9 Fitzroy Square, W1. Fri. 4 July 7.30 p.m. 'Mad Tom' a new play about Thomas Paine by Paul Ryan. Adm. 50p.

Poetry

MATCHLIGHT 'British Poetry Today'. Orangery, Holland Pk. 7.15 p.m. 10 July Alastair Reid/Betty Mulcahy + Neruda (01-352 7409).

Meetings

COMMITTEE ROOMS and Lecture Theatre to let by the hour, WC2. Tel. 01-240 3424.

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for pamplets, book list, programme. Wed. 9 July 8pm. Informal Q/A Meeting: 'Reincarnation and Karma'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2.

RAMAKRISHNA VEDANTA CENTRE: Sunday lectures on religion and philosophy. Enquiries: 06285 26464.

Courses

GERMAN Individual Tuition, all stages, by naturalised British subject, academically trained Germany. NW London. 01-435 8523.

THEATRE MANAGEMENT COURSE: 11-22 August. Basics in Theatre Management in UK and USA. Teachers from both countries Details: Inter-Action 15 Wilkin Street, London NW5. Tel: 01-267 9421.

C.U.L. '80 July 5-13

Interested in Marxism?

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Registration takes place at 11am on Sat. 5 July at U.L.U., Malet St, WC1. Details phone 01-836 2151.

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Applicants, analysed or intending to have analysis with a recognised psychotherapist and having academic or professional experience relevant to working with people. The three year course comprises weekly seminars, ongoing groups, supervision for first patients.

Write to: **The Secretary, AGIP, 29 St Marks Crescent, London NW1.**

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Publications

LABOUR AND THE COMMON MARKET: the Reluctant Party; by L. J. Robins £5.95 inc. post and packing. Orders to: G. W. & A. Hesketh, PO Box 8, Aughton Street, Ormskirk, Lancs, L39 5HH.

MICROCOMPUTER BOOKS selected by experts: send 12p stamp for latest list to MOI (NS), 1 Francis Avenue, St Albans, Herts AL3 6BL, UK. 0727 52801.

OUTPOSTS. Poems invited for future issues. S.a.e. to Howard Sargeant, 72 Burwood Rd., Walton-on-Thames, Surrey KT12 4AL.

REVIEW COPIES and others in fine condition bought by Vermilion Books, 57 Red Lion Street, WC1. Tel. 01-242 5822.

WORLD HISTORY. Books bought & Catalogues issued on most areas. A.C. Hall, 30 Staines Road, Twickenham, Middx.

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